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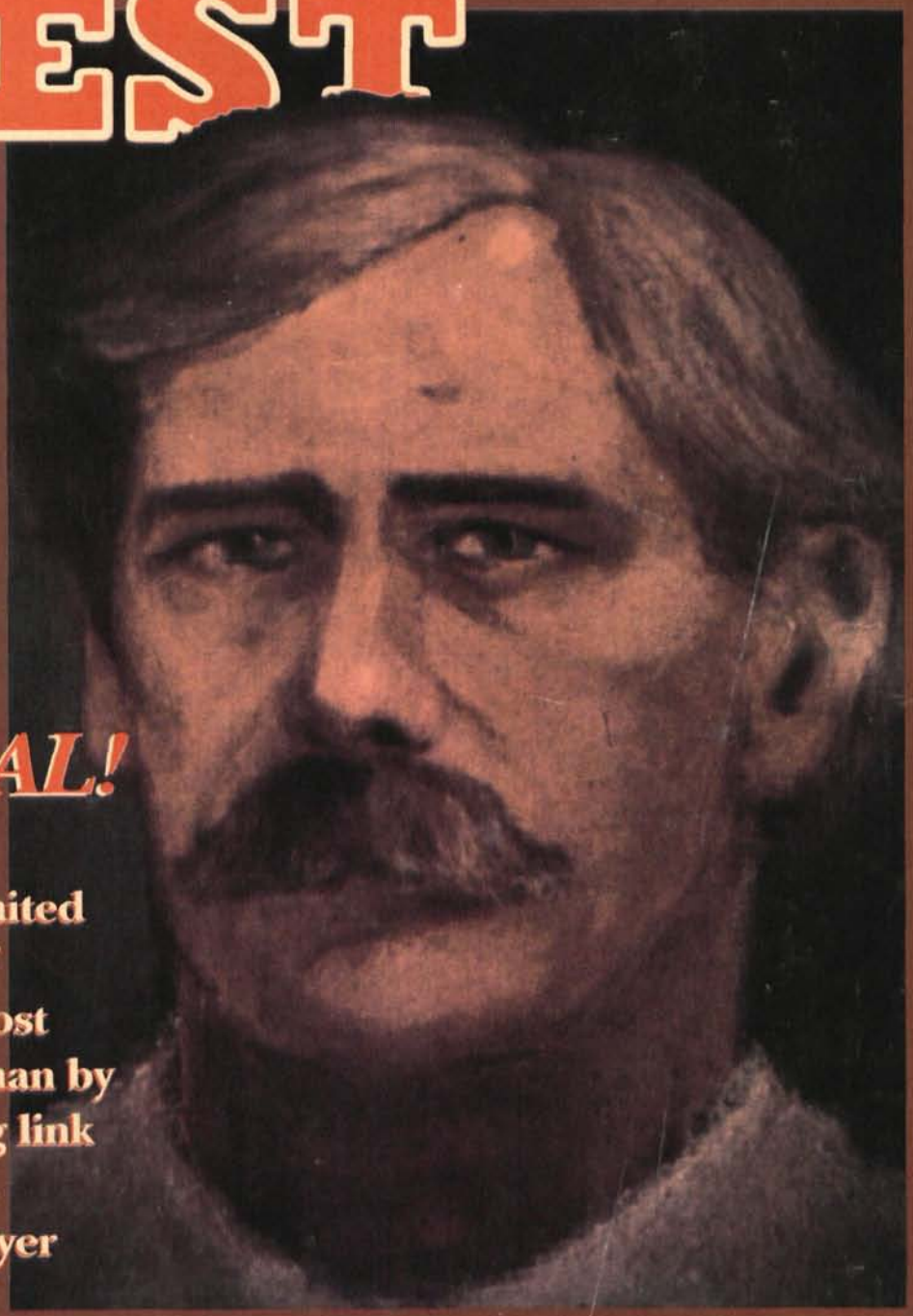

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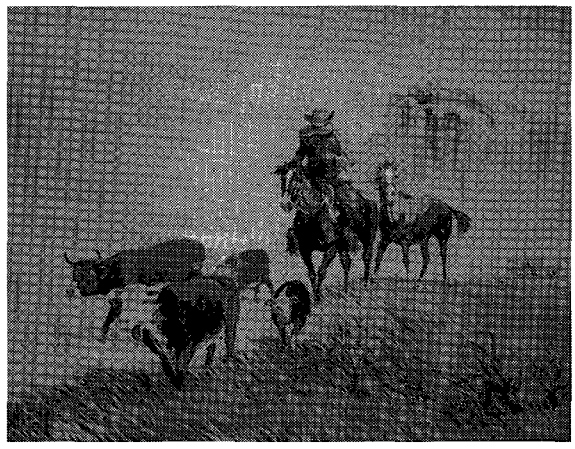

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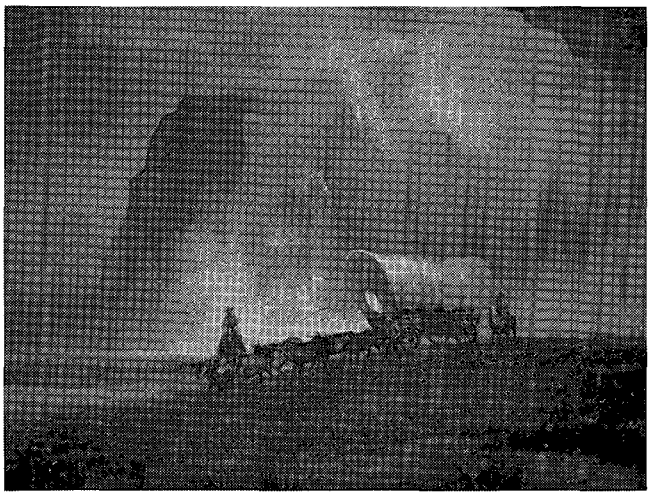

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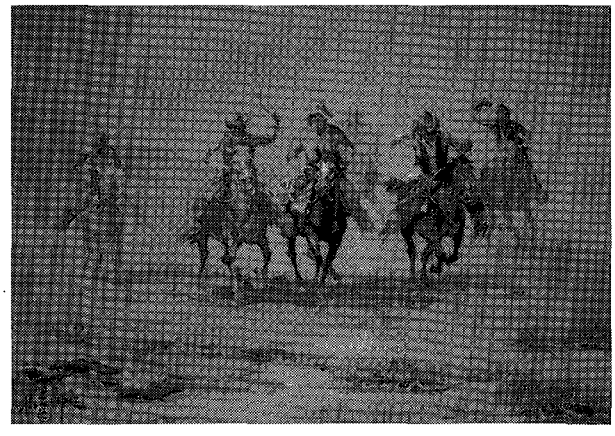

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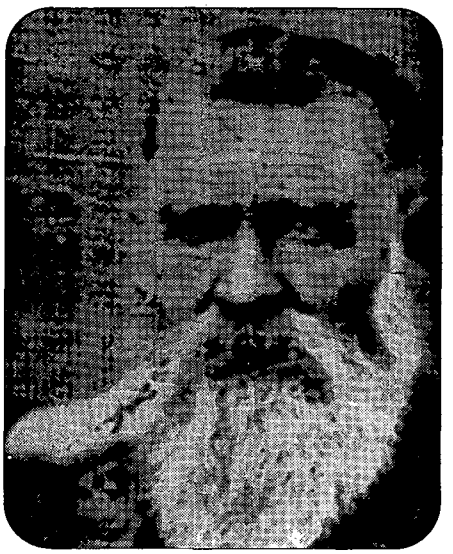

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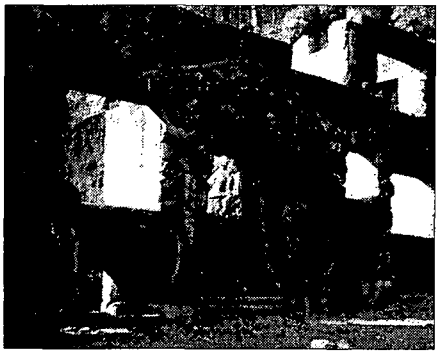

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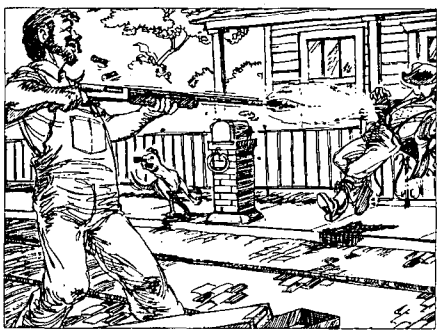

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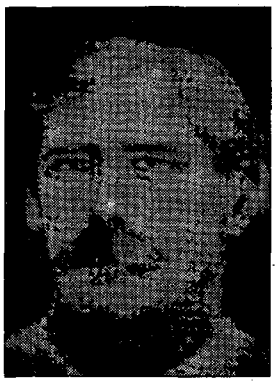

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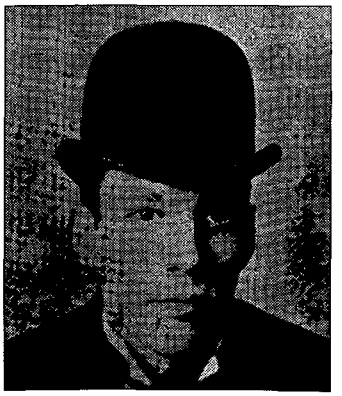

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FROM THE EDITOR

Howdy, folks!

It's not often that an editor of a humble little pulp western magazine gets to publish a landmark piece of historical writing. But in Glenn G. Boyer's twelve-part series, *Wyatt Earp: Legendary American*, which begins in this issue of *True West*, I think we're doing exactly that.

When I was penning that long-winded cover blurb about the series, my instincts told me to back off the part about Wyatt being "America's most famous lawman." After all, most any editor will tell you to be durned cautious about flinging around words like "most" or "best" or superlatives in general. If, for example, I were to call George Armstrong Custer "America's bravest Indian fighter," somebody would be bound to challenge me with a list of a dozen braver men. Or if I were to label him "America's stupidest Indian fighter," somebody else would produce a list of a dozen stupider.

So I turned to my faithful editorial assistant, Steve Jones, and asked if he thought it were hyperbole to call Wyatt "America's most famous lawman." We sat and stared at each other, trying to think of any other lawmen who might be as famous as Wyatt, and we both drew blanks. Nobody else even came close. To "most famous," however, I might safely add "America's Most Controversial Lawman," for debate has long raged among historians and western buffs as to whether Wyatt was a champion of justice or corrupt public official with a taste for blood. Wyatt's career as a lawman has reached mythical proportions.

Mythical, indeed. His fame is based largely on Stuart Lake's 1931 biography, *Wyatt Earp: Frontier Marshal.* The movies, the television series, the novels, the later biographies, and all the rest of the trappings of the Wyatt Earp legend spring either directly or indirectly from the Lake book. Problem is, the Lake book, published when its subject was two years dead and could not challenge the "facts," springs largely from an overactive imagination, and the truth about Wyatt Earp has been clouded in gunsmoke and trail dust ever since.

Enter Glenn G. Boyer, who as a young man met numerous Earp family members. For more than fifty years he cultivated his relationship with the family, becoming their confidant and trusted friend. *I Married Wyatt Earp: The Recollections of Josephine Sarah Marcus Earp*, which Boyer collected and edited, was published by the University of Arizona Press in 1976 and is a standard of Earp scholarship. His *Suppressed Murder of Wyatt Earp* is another important volume, and his articles on the Earps and their associates are authoritative.

Until now, however, Boyer has not published anything approaching a full-length biography of Earp—a fact that for years has been a major frustration to everyone who has dared tread into the dangerous and controversial territory of Earp-Tombstone history. A few years back during a telephone conversation with Boyer, who happens to be just about as colorful a character as the Earps themselves, I vented my frustration and asked him why in tarnation he didn't write "the book" on Wyatt for once and all and be done with it. His reason was simple and honest. He had made promises to some of his informants not to publish their stories during their lifetimes.

Now, with the passing of the last of those informants he is finally free to tell the whole story as he knows it, the story as close to the unvarnished truth as it is likely ever to be told. To provide Boyer's extensive documentation in a series of magazine articles would be impossible. But Earp enthusiasts will be glad to know that Boyer is simultaneously working on an expanded and fully documented book-length version of the biography.

Like everything else associated with the Earps and Tombstone and the OK Corral, Boyer's biography is sure to raise a firestorm of controversy. It will be bragged on and cussed at. But one thing is certain: from this issue of *True West* forward, anyone who wants to write about America's most famous lawman will have to reckon with *Wyatt Earp: Legendary American.*

John Joerschke

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Secret Service Agent Lynched

I just read "Chama, New Mexico: The Hurrah Town at the Front of the Narrow Gauge," by Robert J. Torrez (*True West*, May 1993). It includes an account of the hanging of my great-uncle Dell Lockard. The episode caused a rift in the family which lasted more than 100 years. Then I ran across an article in the December 6, 1881, *Coshocton* (Ohio) *Democrat* which stated, "Dell Lockard was in the secret service of the U.S. Government, and was attempting to bring to justice some parties who had violated the Internal Revenue laws in the manufacture of whiskey." The rift ended.

Mr. Torrez statement that "local residents had grown tired of the law's inability or unwillingness to deal decisively with criminals and had decided to take matters into their own hands" needs to be reexamined in light of that fact. The lawless people who hanged my great-uncle, along with Edward Coulton and Slim Jim, obviously did not believe that Dell was a secret service agent. They should have.

Great-uncle Delano (Dell) may have known that he descended from the great-grandparents of General George Washington. I descend from the same great-grandparents, and I have made it a challenge of my life to clear the name and reputation of Dell Lockard.

Will you please give this information to Mr. Torrez and ask him to set the historical record straight once and for all.—*Jack C. Redman, M.D., Albuquerque, New Mexico.*

Mr. Torrez Responds: Dr. Redman's letter provides an interesting slant on the lynching of Dell Lockard. It could be significant that correspondence from the Department of Justice to Territorial Supreme Court Judge L. Bradford Prince during that period indicates they may have had a secret operative in New Mexico investigating reports of illicit sales of liquor to the Indians in Rio Arriba and Taos counties. The correspondence, unfortunately, does not name the operative. Subsequent correspondence fails to mention any problems such as the agent's being lynched.

Complicating the issue is a Rio Arriba County district court record for the period which shows an indictment against "Del Lockhart" (Rio Arriba County #249, Index A). The single ref-

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Johnny Healy, North Frontier Trader

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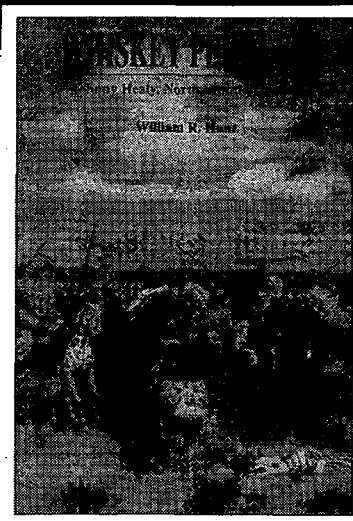

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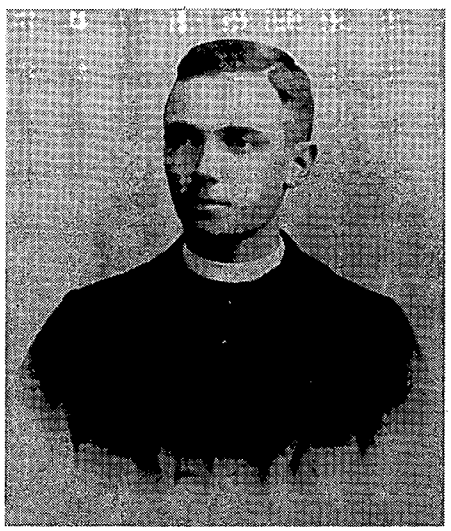
erence does not specify the charges or any disposition of the case. I suspect that only a review of appropriate Department of Justice or other federal records for the period would help Dr. Redman and his family to "set the record straight," because the extant documentation in the Territorial Archives of New Mexico is too scant to shed any light on whether Dell Lockard was a secret agent.

If Lockard was, in fact, an officer of the law, his death by lynching seems a tragic example of the rampant lawlessness which characterized that time and place in our history.



True West reader Marietta Barron sent this photo of Father Sevens, pioneer pastor of the Cherokee Strip.

Her Mother Knew the Father

I greatly enjoyed "Martha Fagan, Gentlewoman Farmer," by Sharon E. Martin (*True West*, May 1993). My mother, Alta McQuirk, lived in Ponca City at that time and knew Father Sevens. Enclosed is a photo of him.

Another interesting article described the Indians in Ponca City. Mother said she could hear them chanting in the distance at night, and she described the way they placed their dead on scaffolds instead of burying them.—*Marietta Barron, Carmichael, California.*

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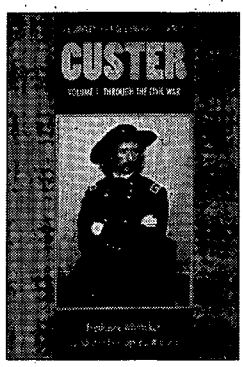

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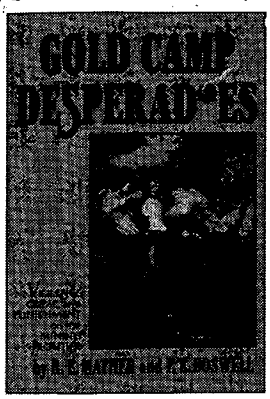

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Breaking the Bonds of Faith

It was with great pleasure that I read Jacqueline Dorgan Meketa's article, "A Singular Friendship" (*True West,* April 1993). What a very special friendship evolved between Jean Baptiste Lamy, archbishop of Santa Fe, and Levi Spiegelberg through an act of kindness on Lamy's part.

While I readily admit to being an Old West fan of lawmen and outlaw alike, I can sure stand to read more articles that touch humanity. Meketa did a helluva job researching the article and bringing the characters to life.

Spiegelberg and Lamy proved we can lay aside our differences and work together for the good of all concerned. Theirs is truly an example for everyone to follow.—*Pat Cascio, Reedsport, Oregon.*

A Friend in Croatia

Thank you for publishing my request for information about Merle Blinn Brown in "Trails Grown Dim." I had two replies. One was about Brown, and I will shortly be in possession of her death certificate. She died in 1982.

The other response was a request for information on a famous family here in Sussex, two of whose members set up a large ranch in your country in 1876.

I am enclosing payment for a gift subscription for a friend of mine in Croatia. As you realize, it is a rather tough place to be at the moment.

He is twenty years old and suffers from MS. As he is a great western fan, he will get much enjoyment from your magazine. I also enrolled him in our English Westerners Society; when he first inquired about the cost of joining ($15.00), he told me it would take him about eighteen months to raise that kind of cash—on the black market.—*Dave Rowland, East Sussex, England.*

Your letters and comments are welcome. Please keep letters to 300 words or less. All letters received by Western Publications will be considered for publication unless otherwise stipulated in the letter. Space does not permit us to print all letters we receive. Be sure to include full name, address, and zip code. Photos are welcome. Address all letters to Western Publications, PO Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. Due to the volume of mail, we cannot forward correspondence to people whose letters appear in "Truly Western."

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Oklahoma Museums Offer Unique Vision of Western History

The romance, adventure, danger, and culture of the Old West still live at three world-renowned art museums in Tulsa and Bartlesville, Oklahoma. At Gilcrease, Philbrook, and Woolaroc museums, visitors can learn about the rich heritage of the West and satisfy their longing for the frontier.

"Right here in Northeast Oklahoma, we have the finest western art collections and museums you'll find anywhere in the world," said Dick Miller, general manager of Woolaroc Museum. "The museums all share the common elements of the oil-boom era...yet we reflect differences that make us unique."

All three museums had their origins in the Tulsa-area oil industry. One Tulsa oilman, Thomas Gilcrease, grew up as a farm boy in Indian Territory. His Creek Indian heritage entitled him to a 160-acre allotment of government land—the same land under which he later discovered oil. That oil gave Gilcrease the means to put together his massive collection of art and artifacts which are the basis of Tulsa's Gilcrease Museum.

Located at 1400 Gilcrease Museum Road on a hilltop overlooking a wooded valley, the Gilcrease Museum greets visitors with historic theme gardens and thousands of paintings, drawings, sculptures, and Indian artifacts. The works of more than 400 artists, including Frederic Remington and C.M. Russell, line the walls and hallways. The museum features several galleries designed to spark the interest of any newcomer.

"Anyone will find their niche [at the Gilcrease Museum], whether it's a cowboy or a curious child," says Paula Eliot, director of public relations and publications. "Gilcrease is a monument to Native Americans and the art of the American West."

The Philbrook museum, 2727 South Rockford Road in Tulsa, offers a different look at the West. During the 1920s, independent Tulsa oilman Waite Phillips and his wife, Genevieve, traveled around the world, bringing back a European elegance that softened Tulsa's boomtown roughness. They incorporated their love of many cultures into their home, Philbrook, which was completed in 1927 and opened to the public as an art museum in 1938. Privately-funded from many sources and completely renovated in 1990, Philbrook is known as "Tulsa's Crown Jewel."

"Philbrook visitors are in for quite a surprise," said Lynne S. Butterworth, director of communications. "Philbrook is one of only a handful of museums in the United States which is listed on the National Register of Historic Places. We exhibit a wide variety of art from many cultures in addition to a sizable Native American collection."

The twenty-eight-room villa houses Philbrook's permanent collection, from Native American pottery, baskets and textiles on the lower level to the

The Woolaroc Museum near Bartlesville, Oklahoma, is home to collections of western paintings and firearms and a 3,600-acre wildlife preserve.

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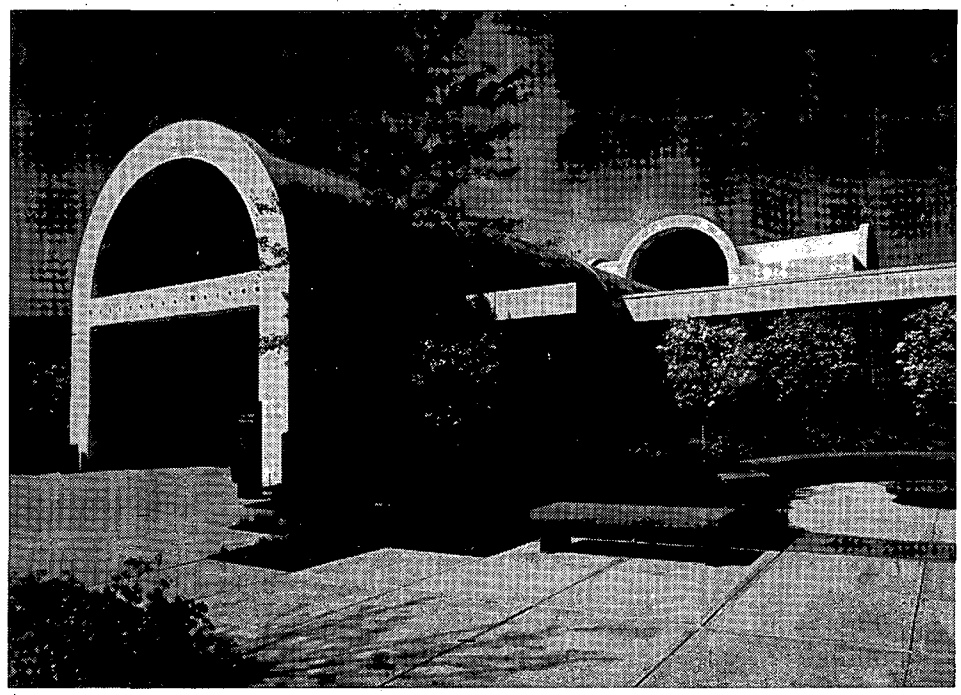
Samuel H. Kress Collection of Italian Renaissance painting and sculpture on the main floor. Philbrook also features galleries of nineteenth- and twentieth-century European and American paintings, sculptures and porcelain pieces; ancient and modern Asian collections; African art; and pottery and artifacts from ancient Greece, Rome, and Egypt. Itself a work of art, the villa and its restored interiors give visitors a glimpse of the roaring twenties in booming Tulsa.

In 1990, Philbrook completed a new rotunda entrance and 75,000-square-foot addition. The new Kravis Wing echoes the Villa's architecture yet links it with the present day. Varied traveling exhibitions are displayed in the new gallery space. The addition also houses Oklahoma's only museum school, a gift shop, gourmet restaurant, lecture hall, meeting rooms, art library, and museum offices.



Tulsa's Gilcrease Museum houses the works of over 400 artists, including Frederic Remington and C.M. Russell.

For those who really hear the call of the West, the Woolaroc Ranch, Museum and Wildlife Preserve is a must. Located fifty miles north of Tulsa near Bartlesville, it is a special place where visitors can truly reach out to touch history, and nature.

Frank Phillips, founder of Phillips Petroleum Company, began his ranch retreat in the early 1920s in the beautiful Osage Hills that were part of the Osage Indian Nation. Rich with nature, western history, and Native American heritage, Woolaroc offers a relaxed environment.

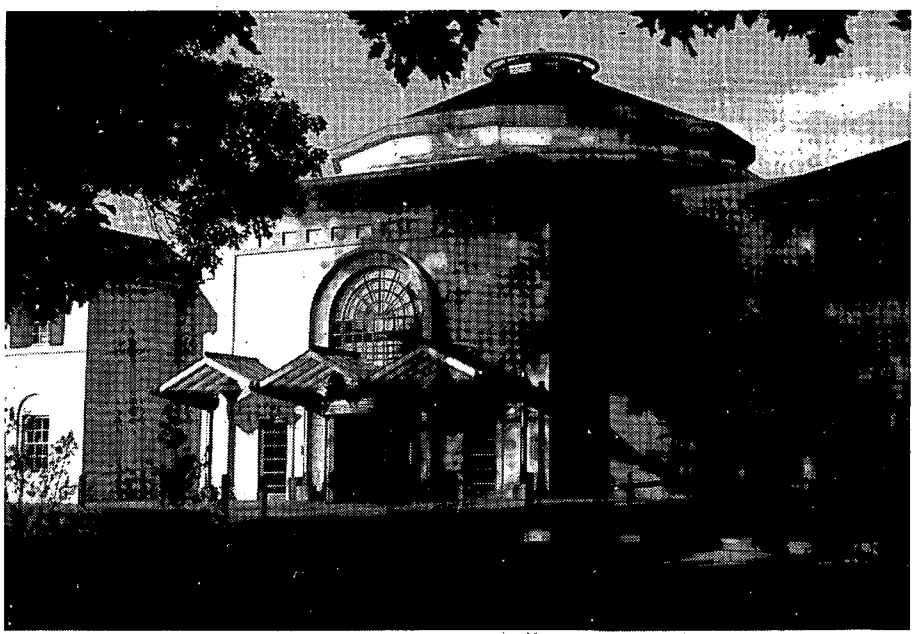
The historic lodge was Frank and Jane Phillips' country home, where they entertained thousands of friends, guests, and business associates. Will Rogers and Harry Truman visited the place, as well as many other political leaders, entertainers, lawmen, outlaws, and Frank's many Indian friends. "He rubbed elbows with many famous and interesting personalities and Woolaroc was the place where he brought all of the cultures together," Miller said.

The Woolaroc Museum, begun in 1929, features a vast collection of art and artifacts that portray the lifestyles of the many cultures that inhabited the area. With its paintings, sculptures, artifacts, the "Woolaroc" airplane, and one of the world's finest collection of Colt firearms, Woolaroc is often called the "Little Smithsonian of the West."

The 3,600-acre Woolaroc wildlife preserve features one of the largest private herds of buffalo in Oklahoma as well as elk, longhorn cattle, deer, ostriches, zebras and many other animals. A petting zoo for children is also open during the summer.

"Woolaroc captures the spirit and personality of the colorful oil baron who built it and offers an experience that you won't soon forget," Miller said.

Woolaroc, Philbrook and Gilcrease—all three museums share the quest to keep the American West alive by offering rare collections, special events, and exhibits. Each museum paints its own picture of the West and its oil days, stroking the canvas of time with a different color, yet giving harmony to history found only in Tulsa and Bartlesville, Oklahoma.



The Philbrook Museum in Tulsa, Oklahoma, features a large collection of Native American artifacts.

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Taos at the Russell Museum
The Southwest Comes To Montana

The northern New Mexico village of Taos, with its varied and vivid landscape, is the subject of the C.M. Russell Museum's summer exhibition, "Masters of the Taos Tradition: The Gerald Peters Collection." The exhibit runs through September 6 at the museum in Great Falls, Montana.

The collection, in its entirety, has never before been shown in public. The exhibit from Gerald Peters' private collection of works features seventeen Taos painters, each of whom captures the extraordinary New Mexico atmosphere in the forty display pieces. Featured artists include Kenneth Adams, Oscar E. Berning-haus, Laverne Nelson Black, Ernest L. Blumenschein, E. I. Couse, Andrew Dasburg, W. Herbert Dunton, Nicolai Fechin, Joseph Fleck, E. Martin Hennings, Robert Henri, Victor Higgins, Ward Lockwood, Bert Phillips, Frank Sauerwein, Joseph Henry Sharp, and Walter Ufer.

In September 1898, artists Phillips and Blumenschein were traveling through the Southwest on a magazine commisssion. Crossing the pass from Questa to Taos, New Mexico, a rear wheel on their wagon collapsed. With the toss of a gold coin, Blumenschein was selected to unhitch one of the horses and take the wheel on to Taos; Phillips stayed with the wagon. In 1898, Taos was a small northern New Mexico Hispanic village surrounded by fertile valleys fed by streams from the nearby Sangre de Cristo Mountains. Only a few miles from the center of the Hispanic village was the ancient Indian pueblo of Taos with its unique architectural apartment-style buildings. The scene immediately overwhelmed and inspired Blumenschein.

Blumenschein's entry into Taos was the inauspicious beginning of the influx of artists into northern New Mexico. However, they were not the first artists to paint in the area. Worthington Whittredge was in Santa Fe and Taos just after the Civil War; Thomas Moran painted the Pueblos in

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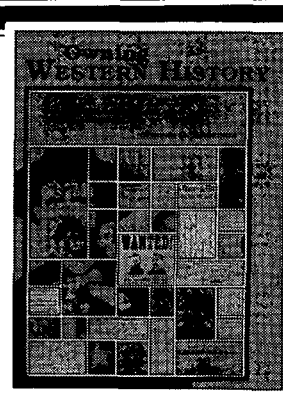

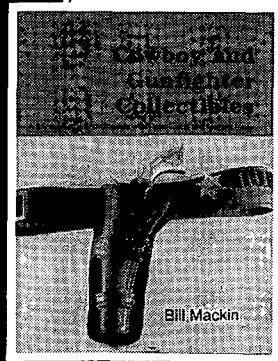

Cowboy and Gunfighter Collectibles

Bill Makin • Photos by Nancy S. Bostain

"Cowboy and Gunfighter Collectibles *is a fascinating photographic encyclopedia and price guide for such western artifacts and antiques as lawman badges, revolvers, hats, bullet molds, rifle scabbards, belts, blankets, books, boots, pokes, powder horns, watch fobs, tapaderos, and stirrups."* —Dale L. Walker, *Rocky Mountain News*

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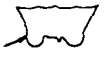
the 1880s; Frederic Remington was in the area about the same time; and Joseph Henry Sharp arrived in New Mexico in 1883. He returned in the 1890s and stayed, becoming the "founding father" of the Taos Society of Artists. Sharp had been the man, in Paris in 1895, who had expounded the artistic virtures of New Mexico to Phillips and Blumenschein.

The body of memorable work that came out of Taos in the first half of the twentieth century is remarkable. The Taos painters were academically trained, seasoned artists, many of whom had been well-known illustrators. They influenced each other, and their works were often similar in style.

The original Taos painters worked contemporaneously with Charles Russell and contributed significantly to the genre of western American art. Several of the Taos painters also had strong connections with Montana. From about 1892 to 1902, Joseph Henry Sharp split his time in the West between Taos and the Crow Reservation in southern Montana. W. Herbert "Buck" Dunton first traveled to Montana when he was eighteen years old and worked as a cowboy. He also hunted extensively in Montana with an experienced market hunter and filled sketchbooks with anatomical drawings of the wildlife he hunted.

The work of the Taos painters captured the extraordinary New Mexico atmosphere through dramatic lighting, intense color, bold brushwork, unified design, and decorative patterns. The subjects of Taos art include Indians, Hispanics at work, landscapes, flowers and still lifes, adobe buildings, and cowboys. The Taos artists, with their use of vibrant color and striking forms, brought much attention and appreciation to American western art.

For more information about the exhibit, contact the C.M. Russell Museum at 400 Thirteenth Street North, Great Falls, Montana 59401. The phone number is (406) 727-8787.



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General in Two Wars

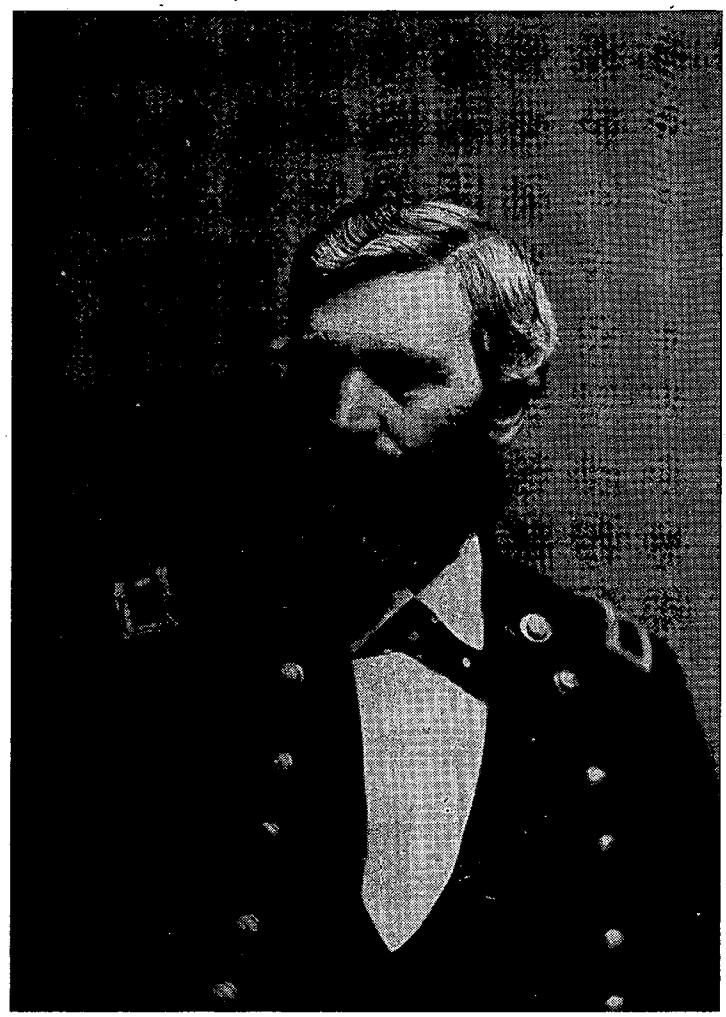
By CHUCK PARSONS

General Oliver O. Howard had a long military career that spanned both the Civil War and the Indian Wars. Lilliani Nelson, Renton, Washington, wants to know more about the career military man.

Howard was born in Maine, November 8, 1830. He attended West Point and by 1855 held the rank of second lieutenant. Two years later he was serving against the Seminoles in Florida. He became a first lieutenant on July 1, 1857.

Howard distinguished himself during the Civil War. He lost an arm at the battle of Fair Oaks, Virginia, in 1862, and won the Congressional Medal of Honor at Gettysburg in 1863. At war's end he held the permanent rank of brigadier general and the brevet rank of major general.

From 1865 to 1872 Howard was commissioner of the Bureau of Refugees, Freedman, and Abandoned Lands. During that time he showed his support of freed Blacks, but received much criticism for his handling of his duties.



Oregon Historical Society

General Oliver O. Howard.

By 1872 President Ulysses S. Grant had named Howard special Indian commissioner, and he went to the Southwest to deal with Apache raiding parties. He worked first with Victorio and then with Tom Jeffords to make peace between Chiricahuas and whites. Although some whites resented him he was able to bring about a peaceful settlement of differences between the two cultures.

From 1874 to 1880 Howard was commander of the Department of the Columbia, during which time the Nez Percé outbreak occurred. Howard was present when the Nez Percés surrendered. Later Howard was in overall command of operations against the Bannocks and Paiutes and then against Geronimo.

Howard wrote many books about his frontier experiences. He died October 26, 1909, in Burlington, Vermont.

Classic Cowboy Song

Almost everyone knows the old cowboy song, "Home on the Range," but few know anything about its origins. Tim Dye, Stafford, Kansas, wants to know more about the song and its composer Brewster Higley.

"Home On The Range" first appeared as a poem, "Western Home," in the March 21, 1874, edition of the *Kirwin Chief*, a newspaper in Kirwin, Kansas. Higley was a practicing doctor on the Kansas plains when he wrote the poem. Many people miss the irony that the "home on the range" Higley referred to was that of a farmer or homesteader, not a cattleman or cowboy. That is evident in the last line, "I would not exchange my home here to range."

Daniel Kelly, a guitar player from Gaylord, Kansas, put the poem to music. The words and music were first published together in 1904 under the title "An Arizona Home." The work did not become nationally popular, however, until Alan Lomax published it in *Cowboy Songs*, in which he called it "the cowboy's national anthem."

Lost Mine Found?

Michael T. Moseley, Cartersville, Georgia, recently acquired a book at a garage sale claiming Peter Hurkos, with the powers of ESP, found the fabled Lost Dutchman gold mine. Mr. Moseley wants to know if that could be true.

I don't know Mr. Hurkos but I am confident he did not find the Lost Dutchman mine! The story goes that a survivor of a group of miners massacred by Apaches revealed the secret location of a fabulous mine to a German immigrant, Jacob Waltz, known as the Dutchman. Waltz supposedly worked the mine successfully;

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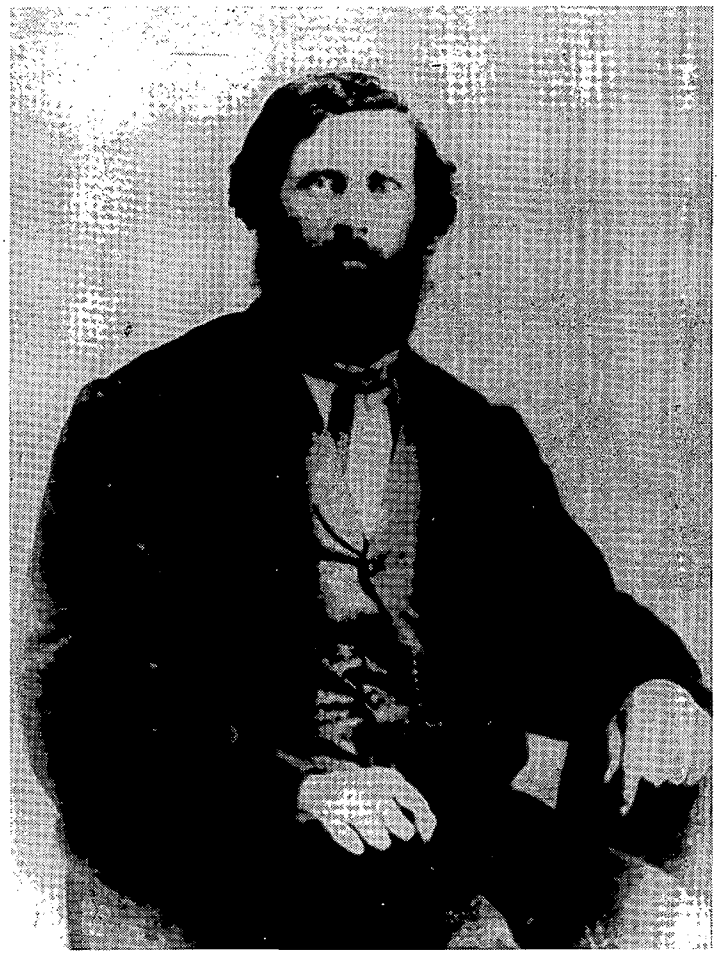

Kansas State Historical Society

Dr. Brewster Higley, the man who composed "Home on the Range."

he either murdered people who tried to follow him to the mine, or they became lost in the canyons. The old prospector died in 1891.

Geologists say that the Superstition Mountains are not a good location to find gold, and as late as 1986 Arizona guidebooks still discussed the "Lost Dutchman Mine." Perhaps Mr. Hurkos found something—but it was not Waltz's lost mine.

Kid Curry, Bartender?

Thomas H. Brown, of Hayward, California, sent me a photo of a place called "Kid Curry's Bar," taken in 1953 not far from Malta, Montana. Mr. Brown wants to know if Harvey Logan (alias Kid Curry) had any connection with the bar.

I believe the bar is only a Curry namesake. Harvey Logan was not known to have any interest in a bar—other than drinking in one. Harvey's brother Lonny and cousin Bob Lee did buy a saloon in Harlem, Montana, from a George Bowles in 1899 (possibly with their share of the loot from a train robbery near Wilcox, Wyoming, on June 2, 1899), but they sold their interest in the saloon in January 1900, when they thought the Pinkertons were closing in.

Arizona Outlaw

William M. "Billy," Grounds was a minor outlaw, but the Earp-Clanton feud tends to sustain interest in his name. Rusty Carmichael, Farmington, Missouri, wants to know more about that western character.

Grounds' real name may have been Arthur Burcher or Boucher. He was born in 1862, possibly in San Antonio, Texas. Evidence exists that he may have had some trouble in Hays County, Texas, before fleeing to New Mexico. He ended up at Shakespeare where, as William M. Grounds, he ran a saloon and did some prospecting in the early 1880s. He is rumored to have been a stagecoach robber and a close associate with Curly Bill Brocius.

Grounds and his pal Zwing Hunt became suspects in the March 25, 1882, killing of mining engineer M. R. Peel at Melville. Governor F.A.Tritle offered a $500 reward for the pair.

Four days later a posse composed of deputy sheriff Billy Breakenridge, E.H.Allen, Jack Young, and John Gillespie was at the Chandler ranch when a gun battle erupted between the pair and the posse. Hunt killed Gillespie and deputies Allen and Young were both wounded. Breakenridge shotgunned Grounds, who died March 30 in the hospital at Tombstone. The wounded Zwing Hunt was spirited away by his younger brother.

For a look at Grounds' personal life see the article "Yours Until Death, William Grounds" by Janaloo Hill in the April 1973 *True West.*

Forced March

The "Trail of Tears" was one of the saddest events in American history. Mrs. Ercil Bowles, Mena, Arkansas, would like to know more about that episode of Indian removal.

When gold was discovered on Cherokee land in Georgia, whites began pressuring for the removal of the Indians, leading to the Indian Removal Act of 1830. General Winfield Scott oversaw the eviction of some 15,000 Cherokees. The eviction and forced march westward took place during the fall and winter of 1838–39. The Cherokees had insufficient food and they suffered terribly. About 4,000 Cherokees died on the 116-day journey to what is now northeastern Oklahoma.

Hunt for a Lawman

Longtime *True West* reader Vaughn M. Greene, Bruno, California, is tracing his maternal family line and has come across a New Mexico lawman named Teitsort or Titsworth. Mr. Greene asks for some more information about the man.

A George W. Titsworth served as a deputy sheriff from 1877 to 1912 in Las Animas County, Colorado. Due to the proximity, he occasionally worked in New Mexico.

Titsworth was involved in the pursuit of various members of the Black Jack Ketchum gang at the turn of the century. A lengthy article by his son, B.D. Titsworth, appeared in the December 1956 and February 1957 editions of *True West.*

If you have a question, send it to Chuck Parsons, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. Please keep questions brief. Sign your full name and address, including zip code. Names will be published if question is used. Space limitations may not permit us to use all questions. Due to the volume of mail, we cannot forward correspondence to people whose questions appear in "Answer Man."

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Wyatt Earp
Legendary American

By Glenn G. Boyer

Part 1: A Fiddlefooted Family

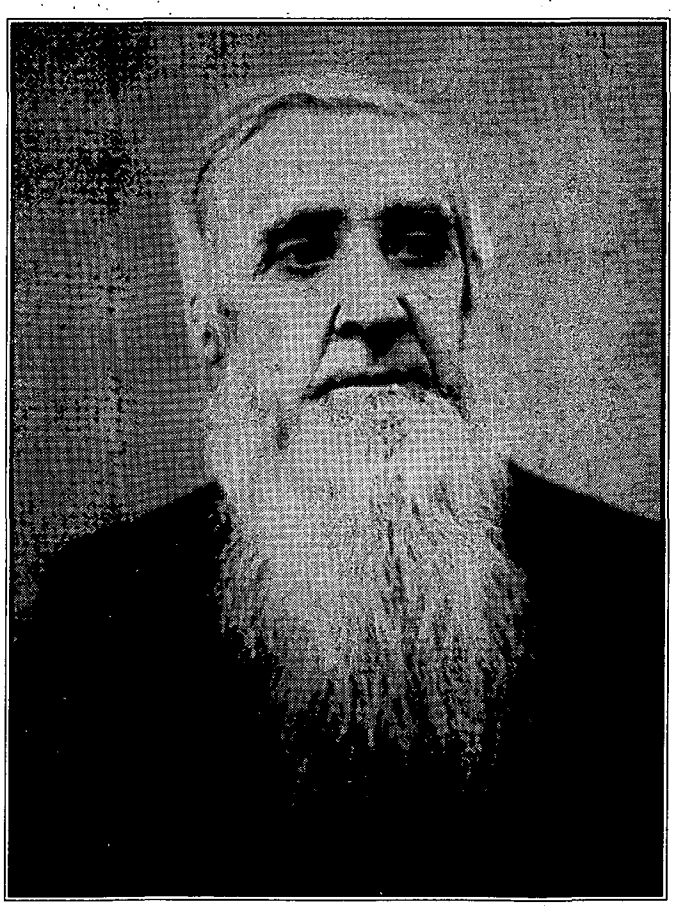
Widespread interest in Wyatt Earp was kindled by books and movies in the 1920s and '30s. It continued with the later movies and the 1950s television series, and finally became highly controversial with the debunkers in the 1960s. The fascination with Wyatt has an almost pathological persistence and continues unabated. Books on the Earps, based almost totally on prior books, are becoming a cottage industry. Editors are easily impressed by the vast sources (usually sparsely cited) unless they are sufficiently knowledgable to recognize them as borrowings. The same holds true for movie producers. "The truth at last" about the Gunfight at the OK Corral is a hardy perennial.

The truth, however, remains to be published. Since that truth depends on the resources I have gathered over the years, I have been prompted to write a series of articles because I have become a living link with the past. What follows I learned as an intimate of the Earp blood line. Wyatt's niece, Estelle Miller, daughter of the Earp Boys' sister, Adelia, was very much a second mother to me. Her husband, Bill, Wyatt's hunting and camping companion from about 1906 till Wyatt's final illness in 1928, regarded me as the son he had always wanted.

This series of articles is based on the Millers' recollections and on other sources to which the Millers provided access, including the recollections of dozens who knew Wyatt's generation of Earps well—both family and associates.

The citation of specific sources other than the above would be superfluous, since there are few of them and they already are well-known and widely recognized.

The following account of the family of Wyatt Earp's paternal grandfather, Walter, is based largely on unpublished recollections provided to me over the years by various Earp family members.—G.B.



Colyn Collection

Walter Earp, Wyatt's paternal grandfather. The Colyn collection is now owned by Glenn G. Boyer.

If Hollywood filmmakers were to depict the Walter Earp family's trek from North Carolina to Tennessee in late fall 1813, they wouldn't need the usual fictitious embellishments. Reality was grim and threatening enough. The southern Indian tribes, allies of the British, were on the warpath in that middle year of our War of 1812. On August 30, the Creeks had massacred over five hundred Americans at Ft. Mims, near Pensacola. Several months were yet to pass before General Andrew Jackson's army would wipe out that threat at the battle of Horseshoe Bend, only a couple hundred miles from where the Walter Earps settled. Aroused by Tecumseh, hostiles ranged far and wide in trans-Appalachia.

The Cherokees would have been the tribe most likely to cause trouble in the Walter Earps' immediate vicinity. Their prophets had exhorted them to "put on warpaint and buckskins and be Indians again." The whites in the four-state area of North and South Carolina, Tennessee, and Kentucky lucked out, however, when the prophets interpreted their omens as unfavorable. Coupled with the ill omens was the incredibly poor judgment of the Creeks, who killed a Cherokee woman near Etowah, Georgia. Cherokees pursued and

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wiped out the killers and, as a result, decided to fight on the American side. Otherwise the numerous Cherokees would have scourged western North Carolina with blood and fire, perhaps wiping out the Walter Earp family and depriving America of its most famous folk hero.

What has been published in the past about this remarkable family's early years has been sketchy, inaccurate, and misleading. For example, Wyatt's pseudo-biographer, Stuart Lake, wrote that Wyatt's father, Nicholas Porter Earp, was born in Wheeling, West Virginia. Nonetheless, reliable genealogical information on Wyatt's forebears exists as far back as Thomas Earp, who dated from the reign of Charles I of England (1625-49). Thomas Earp, Jr., was born in 1665 in England and died in 1720 in Maryland. His son, John Earp, married Rebecca (?) in Fairfax County, Virginia. Joseph Earp was one of their sons, born in 1690 in Maryland and dying in 1750. Joseph's wife, Ruth Tates Earp, was born in 1700. One of their sons, Joshua, wed Mary Budd; their son William was born in 1729 in Montgomery County, Maryland. He married Priscilla Nicholas in 1752 in Montgomery County. Their son, Philip, was born in Montgomery County in 1755. His son, Walter Earp, born in Montgomery County in 1787, was Nick's father and Wyatt's grandfather.

Sometime after Walter's birth, Philip moved to Pittsylvania County, Virginia, to occupy land earned through his Revolutionary War service. His first documented appearance there was as surrogate (i.e., bondsman) on a marriage instrument dated November 22, 1798. He had served in the Revolution under Captain Joseph Magruder in the Third Company of the Lower Battalion of Montgomery County, Maryland. Also living in Pittsylvania County with Philip's family were his uncles Josiah and Nicholas.

Walter met Martha Early in Virginia and married her in Pittsylvania County in 1809. Martha was born August 28, 1790, in Avery County, North Carolina, then on the remote frontier. Her father was killed, perhaps by Indians in view of the time and place, and her mother died when Martha was an infant. She was taken in by her Uncle, John Gomer, who moved to Virginia shortly thereafter. She lived there until her marriage.

Soon after Walter and Martha married, they started on the migratory cycle that was to end in 1847, at Monmouth, Illinois, where their famous grandson was born. Their moves were typical of that restless generation, and would be continued by their children and grandchildren, especially in Nick's family. That shifting around simply could have been characteristic of their times, but adventurous natures also had an impact. Great folk migrations were underway in America, but only the stouthearted took part. Those who went their fiddle-footed way West were hardy and adventurous, and beyond a doubt had to be.

Colyn Collection

Martha Early Earp, Wyatt's paternal grandmother.

Walter and Martha Earp first moved to Lincoln County, North Carolina, where their first child, Lorenzo Dow, was born December 18, 1809. They were to have two more children there, Elizabeth in 1811 and Nicholas Porter on September 6, 1813.

Shortly after Nick's birth, the Walter Earps disregarded the dire warnings of friends and family and decided to push west. They felt sure new lands would be available after the war's successful conclusion drove the Indians from the Tennessee area, and they intended to get in on them. Few of the Earps' tough cast of mind thought for a minute that the detested British and their Indian allies would triumph in the long run. Walter Earp's grandsons, especially Wyatt, would inherit that outlook. Near the end of his life he told his wife, "If I got a fair break, I figured I was getting the best of it."

In the chill fall weather of 1813, Martha Early Earp tearfully embraced her best friend, Susanna Mimms, kissed her, and turned to follow Walter and their pack horse westward. She'd given some of her few priceless possessions to Susanna, others to the Earp family—one could carry pitifully little on a single pack horse, especially with the need to let the children ride much of the time. Before passing from sight, the Earps turned and waved to the little group come to see them off in the hazy, early dawn. Martha was never to see Susanna again. It was an old story in early America.

Walter, twenty-six, tall and lean, led their pack horse, leaning into the biting northwest wind. The first few days of their trek they still passed small settlements and frequent cabins in the hollows along the runs. Deeper in the mountains settlers were few and far between.

Walter, twenty-six, tall and lean, led their pack horse, leaning into the biting northwest wind that slashed through the bare woods. The first few

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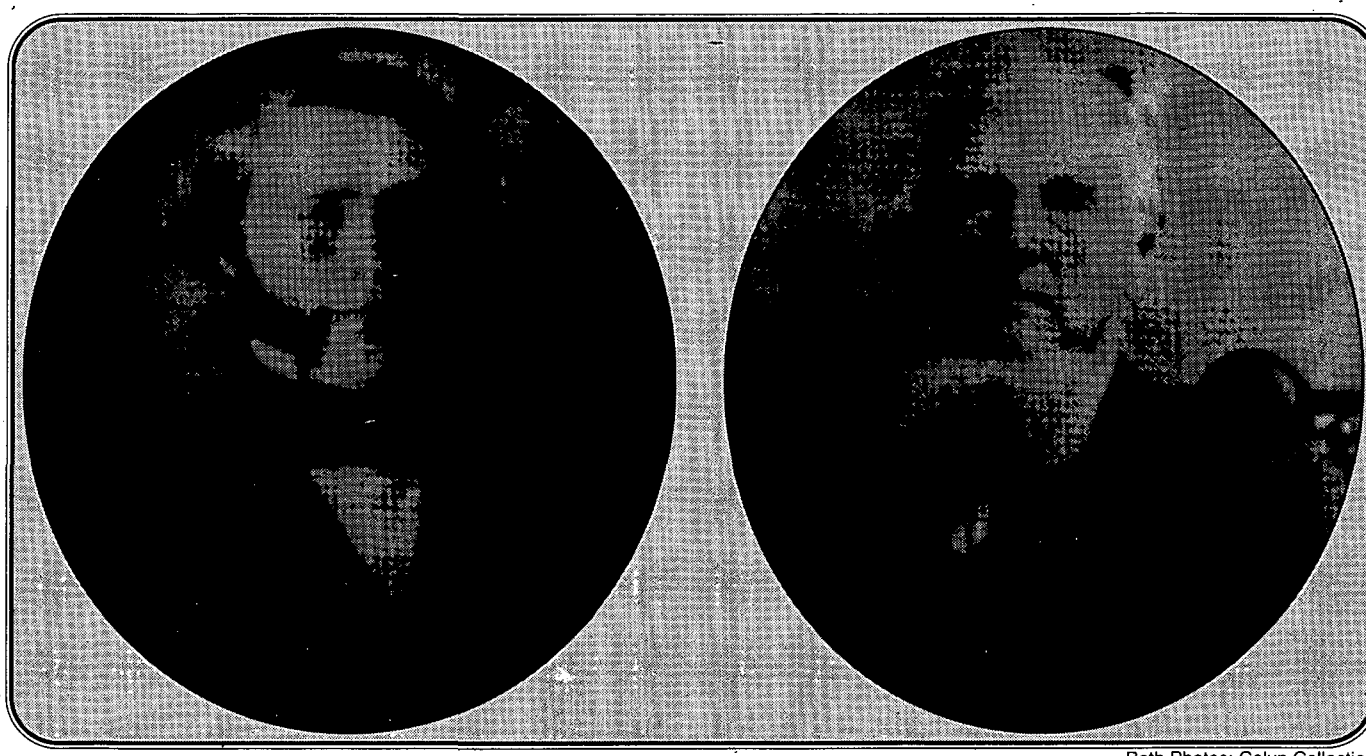

Both Photos: Colyn Collection

Wyatt Earp's paternal uncles, Jonathan Douglas Earp (left) and Lorenzo Dow Earp (right), whose recollections appear in this article.

days of their trek they still passed small settlements and frequent cabins in the hollows along the runs. Deeper in the mountains settlers were few and far between. It was not like the well traveled Wilderness Road farther north, which Daniel Boone pioneered through the Cumberland Gap into Kentucky in 1775. There travelers already found wilderness tavern accommodations along the trail or numerous settlers willing to take them in for the night. The mountainous woods of western North Carolina and eastern Tennessee were a tougher proposition. Trails existed and settlers were to be found, but it was still largely wilderness, Indian country.

Martha, twenty-three, slight but strong, and even stronger-willed, struggled beside Walter, carrying their son Nick, only two months old. Little Lizzie, going on two, rode on top of the horse's pack, hanging on grimly with small, bare, ice-cold hands, and like her mother, never complained once. Lorenzo, oldest of the children, almost three, trudged along on his own power, trying to keep up, but often giving out and holding up the caravan. Then he would be added to the already overloaded horse's burden long enough to rest his legs. They stopped occasionally to refresh themselves and let the horse blow. On many such enforced stops Walter had to replenish their pannier of coals, a dire necessity for travelers in those days before matches since it was next to impossible to ignite a fire with flint and steel in the wet, windy wilderness.

The prudent traveler never allowed himself to be separated from his rifle, never unwisely slung it on top of a pack horse to lighten his own burden. For the same reason Walter kept a long knife and a hatchet constantly slung at his belt, in the fashion of Daniel Boone.

When they forced their stiff, drained bodies to slog on, Walter hefted his long flintlock rifle, sometimes carrying it in the crook of his arm, sometimes across a shoulder, to relieve the dragging weight of holding it in his hand. By day's end a rifle carried that way felt like it was pulling out one's elbow socket. Regardless, the prudent traveler never allowed himself to be separated from his rifle, never unwisely slung it on top of a pack horse to lighten his own burden. For the same reason Walter kept a long knife and a hatchet constantly slung at his belt, in the fashion of Daniel Boone. Walter's rifle held but one shot and took forever to reload; the other weapons at least gave him the chance to die fighting to protect himself and his family from the numerous Shawnee and Creek war parties.

OTHER THAN weapons, they carried some bedding, bear or buffalo robes for warmth, an axe, a spade, a few cooking utensils. Food was flour and what staples they could afford. Meat for the pot came from hunting. Their clothing was meager and inadequate in the bleak, cold woods. If snow or rain were a prospect when they camped, they hastily threw up a leanto of branches and fallen leaves. They built a fire at the front of this shelter, which was oriented to face downwind. This was a grim business at best, a case of sink or swim every moment.

Why would anyone undertake such hardships, especially at that inopportune season? The chance to prosper

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and do better was always uppermost in the minds of the eager recruits to the "westering" movement. But the Earp makeup had something more, since they often moved along even when they were prospering. It is called an itchy foot, and in them it was coupled with a damn-the-torpedoes philosophy. This doughty—or, perhaps, foolhardy—attitude would crop up again and again in the Walter Earp line. (Bat Masterson, who knew Wyatt well, characterized Walter's most famous grandson as a "berserk.")

Walter Earp's descendants pushed West until there was no longer a frontier. Hundreds of their graves can be found in small burial plots across that vast "graveyard of the pioneers," the far Pacific slope. Wyatt Earp himself is buried at Colma, California, just south of San Francisco. The line had the guts and stamina to survive brutal hardship and live to push the century mark. They were the antithesis of those shrinking-violets characterized by the saying, "The meek stayed home and the weak died on the trail." Moreover, each of the men found a woman who was a match for him (or often several women, since the frontier cruelly used them up). That hardy breed of women loaded the spare guns, if need be, and bound up wounds while their men stood off the Indians.

THE DIARY of one of Walter and Martha's sons added a few facts to their North Carolina years and provided the broad outlines of what they did after moving west. He wrote: "After their marriage in North Carolina, Walter and Martha both professed religion and joined the Methodist Episcopal church under the ministry of Nicholas Porter [for whom Wyatt's father was named—GB]. Walter became a licensed ME minister himself."

Of their peregrinations after reaching the western country, he wrote, they "emigrated to Kentucky, stopping in Tennessee for two or three years somewhere near the Cumberland river. They then moved to Kentucky and settled in Russelville, Logan County, where Pa taught school a few years, thence to Morgan Town [sic], Butler County, where he taught several more years. He was a school teacher by profession, also a licensed preacher in the M.E. church. From Butler County he moved to Ohio County, improved a farm and lived there for about twenty years [roughly 1827–47—GB].

"My father and mother were both Methodists of the old type of Methodism as in the days of Wesley, Whitefield, Embury, Asbury and McKendree. [Walter and Martha named several of their children for these strong revivalists.—GB] Some of these they heard preach. Their house was home and often preaching place for the itinerant Methodist preachers of the orthodox denomination as well, in the southwest portion of Kentucky where they lived."

It must have been heavy sledding for some of the Earp boys, perhaps especially Wyatt's father, Nicholas Porter. On the other hand, Jonathan Douglas became an ME minister himself, in his later years.

That "family tidying-up" doesn't tell half the story of the Walter Earps in Kentucky. A convenient sort of amnesia, not unknown today, obscured the family's memory of how Nick's oldest brother Lorenzo Dow (call me 'Renz') Earp, a married man at the

Author's Collection

Author Glenn G. Boyer (center) with Mrs. Charles A. Colyn (nee Mrs. William Irvine), whose Earp research during the 1950s and '60s provided much of the information on which this article is based, such as the recollections of Earp family members whose descendants she interviewed on a long, cross-country research trip. Mr. Colyn (right) was the nephew of Virgil Earp's first wife, Ellen Rysdam.

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Nick was a first class moonshiner, cranking out home brew, wine, and hard corn all his life. His son, Wyatt, inherited the family amnesia about this and neglected to pass the information along to Stuart Lake, that not being the only thing he forgot to tell poor Lake.

time, got a lusty local girl named Lucinda Faughts "great with child." Or how the judgment in the bastardy suit levied on Renz lifetime support payments totaling $150.00. Nick, wary that his older brother might do unto him as he had unto Lucinda, took a mortgage on Renz's farm before securing the money for him.

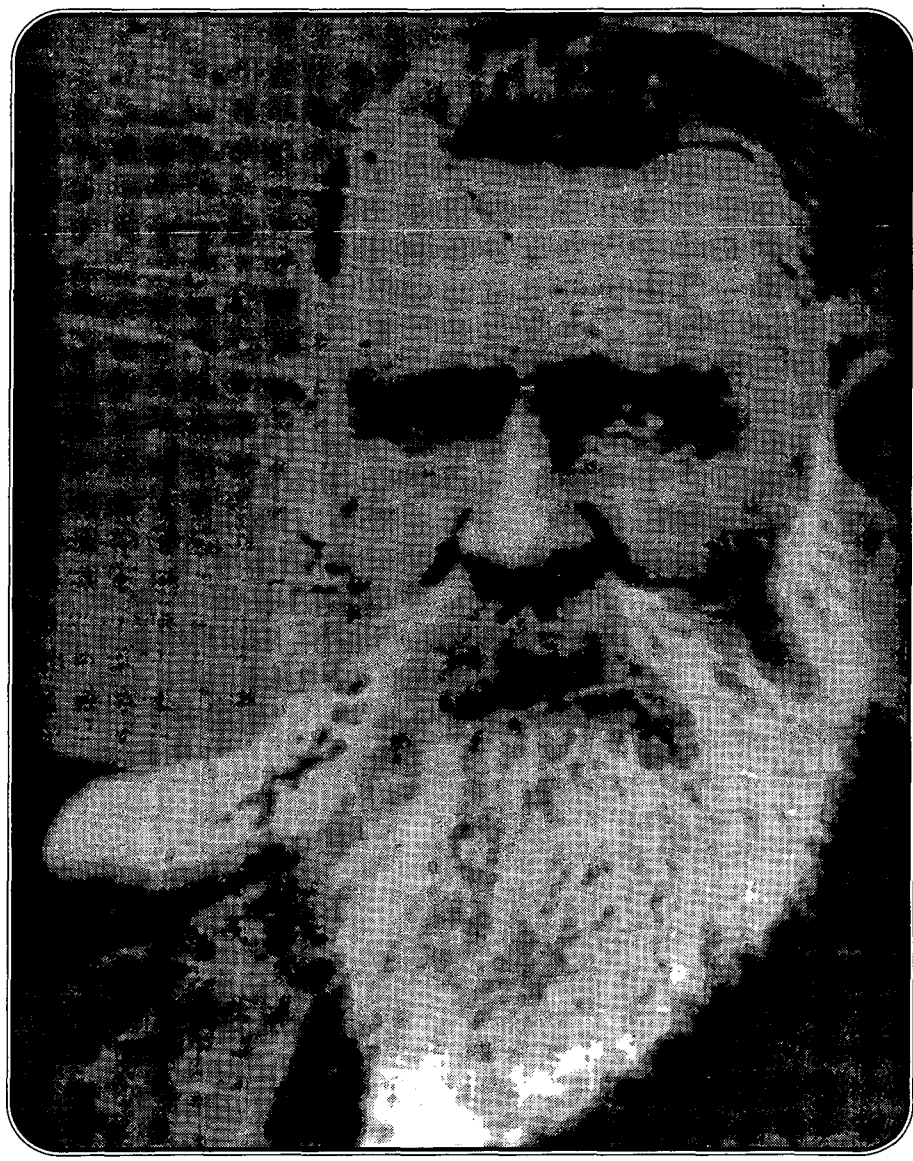
Later Nick, then married to his second wife, Wyatt's mother, Virginia Ann Cooksey Earp, lost a damage suit to Ignatus Barnes and was fined one hundred fifty pounds of tobacco, no paltry penalty in view of the back-breaking labor of raising tobacco. Moreover, Nick was a first class moonshiner, cranking out home brew, wine, and hard corn all his life. His son, Wyatt, inherited the family amnesia about this and neglected to pass the information along to Stuart Lake, that not being the only thing he forgot to tell poor Lake.

The following children were born to Walter and Martha Earp: Lorenzo Dow, 1809, North Carolina; Elizabeth, 1811, North Carolina; Nicholas Porter, 1813, North Carolina; Josiah Jackson, 1816, Kentucky; James O'Kelley, 1818, Kentucky; Francis Asbury, 1821, Kentucky; twins Walter C. and Jonathan Douglas, 1824, Kentucky; Sally Ann, 1826, Kentucky. All lived to old age.

MARTHA WAS a remarkable person in that she lived ninety-one years, dying September 24, 1881, at Monmouth, Illinois. She is buried in the Warren County Cemetery there with Walter, who predeceased her by twenty-eight years. At the time of her death she had eight children living, 85 grandchildren, 130 great-grandchildren and 13 great-great-grandchildren. Strange, then, that the male line was to die out in her son Nick's family. His son Virgil had a daughter, perhaps illegitimate, since no record has yet been found of his marriage to her mother. Otherwise, Nick's only grandchildren were his daughter Adelia Edwards' offspring. Virgil's daughter, lost to family knowledge for years, and Lorenzo's bastard added two more descendants to Martha Early's score, on the record. (This line of Earps gets high marks on melodrama, if only in view of Virgil's and Lorenzo's escapades with the ladies.)

The records in which this information is found, naturally contain a lot of pertinent "married untos" and "begats." Wyatt's father, Nicholas Porter, first married Abigail Storm, "on the 22d day of December, A.D. 1836," a provident date, considering that hard, cold winter was coming on. Their firstborn was Newton Jasper Earp, who entered the world October 7, 1837, a comfortable ten months after his parents' wedding. A girl, Mariah Ann, was born to them February 12, 1839, and as was so often the case in that time, lived less than a year. She was predeceased by her mother, Abigail, who died October 8, 1839. Two of Nick's brothers were married to Abigail's sisters, and he probably had their help in taking care of his two orphans until Mariah died and, in Newton's case, until he remarried.

Nick did not stay a widower long, marrying Wyatt's mother, Virginia Ann Cooksey (February 2, 1821–1893)



Colyn Collection

Nicholas Porter Earp, Wyatt's father, at an unknown date, probably the 1880s.

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Peter Asbury Earp, Lorenzo Dow Earp's son and Wyatt's cousin.

July 30, 1840. To them were born the following children: James Cooksey Earp, June 28, 1841–1926, born Hartford, Kentucky; Virgil Walter Earp, July 18, 1843–1905, born Hartford, Kentucky; Martha Elizabeth, September 25, 1845–1856, born Monmouth, Illinois; Wyatt Berry Stapp Earp, March 19, 1848–1929, born Monmouth, Illinois; Morgan S. Earp, April 24, 1851–1882, born Pella, Iowa; Baxter Warren Earp, March 9, 1855–1900, born Pella; Virginia Ann Earp, February 28, 1858–1861, born Pella; Adelia Douglas Earp, June 16, 1861–1941, born Pella.

Stuart Lake erroneously reported that Nicholas and Virginia Earp followed brother Lorenzo to Illinois from Kentucky, arriving in 1847; actually Nick was the first to go there, arriving in 1845. Brother Renz's family reported their later trip by ox-drawn cart as a slow, tiresome ordeal over dusty, rutted, and sometimes muddy roads, little better than tracks. Still, they were coming up in the world; it beat a pack horse, and the young kids could ride, rather than walk among the copperheads and rattlers that were abundant in those days. Nick's family had traveled in the same manner a couple of years earlier.

By 1847 all of the Walter Earp clan had emigrated to Monmouth, Illinois, except Walter, Jr., and Jonathan Douglas, who remained in Kentucky, the former all of his life, the latter later moving to Missouri. Wyatt's father, Nick, claimed to have been in the Monmouth region in the Blackhawk War, though there is no official record of it. That region certainly was central to that war, and even though most of its militia came from Illinois, it is quite likely that a few Kentuckians and other border state men came a-runnin' to adventure. Wrest-ing the land from the Sac and Fox Indians turned out to be not much of an adventure, perhaps best attested to by Abe Lincoln, a recruit in that fiasco.

ANOTHER WAR certainly attracted Nick Earp. Only a couple of years after his arrival in Monmouth Nick enlisted into Stapp's Company of Illinois Mounted Volunteers, organizing at Monmouth in June 1847 for the Mexican War. Nick was mustered in at Quincy, IIlinois, August 6, 1847, and was discharged for disability with the grade of sergeant December 24, 1847. His later claim for a pension stated he was kicked by a mule, which caused a lifelong disability from a hernia. (A likely story. Our fearlessly independent forebears were not above the welfare state, as particularly testified to in veterans' pension applications such as Nick's.)

A late winter snow was falling when Wyatt Earp was born at Monmouth, Illinois, on March 19, 1848. Despite lingering semi-frontier conditions, a doctor was in attendance for the delivery. Wyatt was Virginia Ann Cooksey Earp's fourth child and third son. On the chronically cash-short frontier the doctor was paid in eggs from the clucking flock of chickens scratching around behind the house.

Nick, according to Wyatt's later recollections, just did manage to get home for the birth. (The Monmouth newspaper reported him home a couple months earlier). Thus, Wyatt was born at Nick's sister's home; 'Ginnie Ann' was sickly before the birth, and she and the kids had been living there, without a home of their own, while Nick was gone.

Nick's Mexican War service determined the name of his new son, Wyatt Berry Stapp Earp, named for Nick's commander in the war.

AT MONMOUTH, Nick supported his family with several sources of income, being a cooper by trade, but also dealing in real estate, farming, and bootlegging. He was to be tried on that offense several years later, along with his nephew, Walter, after a move to Pella, Iowa, and a return to Monmouth. Walter, Sr., a justice of the peace at Monmouth, never had the challenge of hauling his son up on that charge, dying at Monmouth in 1853. (Stuart Lake had Wyatt studying law under his grandfather, the judge, in 1869, no mean trick, but not beyond Lake's abilities.)

Regardless of the living Nick may have been making at Monmouth, it did not overcome his itchy foot. In 1850 when a group of his neighbors including his old commander Wyatt Berry Stapp pulled up stakes and headed west, attracted by cheap land in Marion County, Iowa, Nick had to go along. Soon after, his brother Renz followed.

In Marion County, Iowa, Wyatt Earp would spend his formative years. The land was intermittently high, rolling prairie with good drainage, wooded hills, and bluffs bisected by many streams, in addition to two major rivers, the Des Moines and the Skunk. When the Earps arrived it was still predominantly a land of solitude. One could hear wolves howling at night. Wildlife abounded in the woods and prairies. It was a paradise in which an adventurous youth could grow up—and learn to shoot.

NEXT MONTH: "The Twig Is Bent"

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PIONEERS OF PENZANCE

BY JOHN STEVENSON

William and Thomas Ladner came from sturdy Cornish stock and lived in the fishing port town of Penzance in the West Country of England. Their family was of the yeoman class, farmers and businessmen. Cornwall was an ancient Celtic kingdom, a land of tin mines and smuggler's coves. Father Edward and his son William, tall and handsome and ten years older than Tom, followed the footsteps of other Cornishmen and migrated to Mineral Point, Wisconsin, where they worked in the lead mines and lived among the familiar accents of their countrymen, who had arrived as early as 1830 and built most of the settlement as a Cornish village.

Edward died of Asiatic cholera on May 10, 1851, at age sixty-seven and was buried at Mineral Point. Bill returned to Cornwall to take Tom and four sisters back to Mineral Point. The Cornish tin mines were declining; employment was difficult to find; and for a young man the future was uncertain.

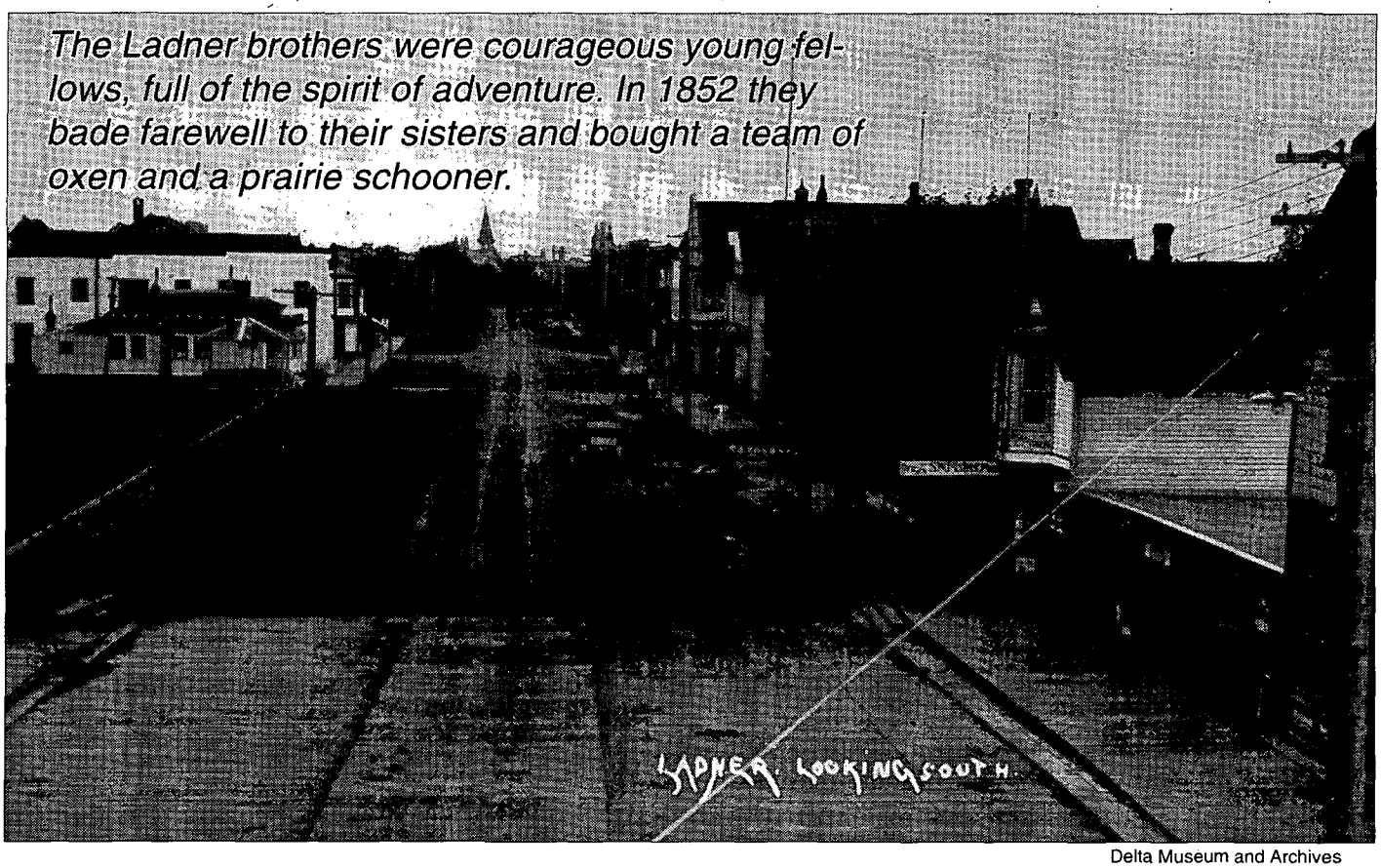
At Mineral Point, the brothers faced a big decision. They were courageous young fellows, full of the spirit of adventure. They had heard stories of the Wild West, the Indians, the hardships, but they were fascinated most by the tales that came back about the California goldfields. In 1852, they bade farewell to their sisters and bought supplies, cattle, a team of oxen, and a prairie schooner.

After a slow, uneventful journey of several days, they arrived at Council Bluffs just across the Missouri River from Omaha. They stayed there a month, linking with other wagons before crossing to the west bank. For five months and six days, the wagon train rocked and groaned behind the plodding oxen. That year of 1852, the men and women felt reasonably secure because the Sioux Treaty had brought temporary peace, although stealing by some of the tribes continued.

One day the Ladner party was halted by a band of Pawnee Indians. The chief's head was shaved and painted red here and there. From his head dangled eagle feathers and rattlesnake tails, and he wore a collar of grizzly bear claws around his neck. The chief demanded money before the travelers would be allowed to go into Indian country, and the immigrants thought it wise to accede.

In his old age, Tom Ladner recalled how one dark night all the cattle except two had disappeared. He was sixteen years old at the time. After examining the hoofprints of the cattle and horses, an experienced scout put it down to "those thievin' Pawnees." Tom and the other men on the train searched for the animals for a week. When the scout did not return from his reconnaissance, they found him walking his lame horse along the side of a hill. He had come upon the

The Ladner brothers were courageous young fellows, full of the spirit of adventure. In 1852 they bade farewell to their sisters and bought a team of oxen and a prairie schooner.



Delta Museum and Archives

Ladner's Delta Street, looking south, about 1910.

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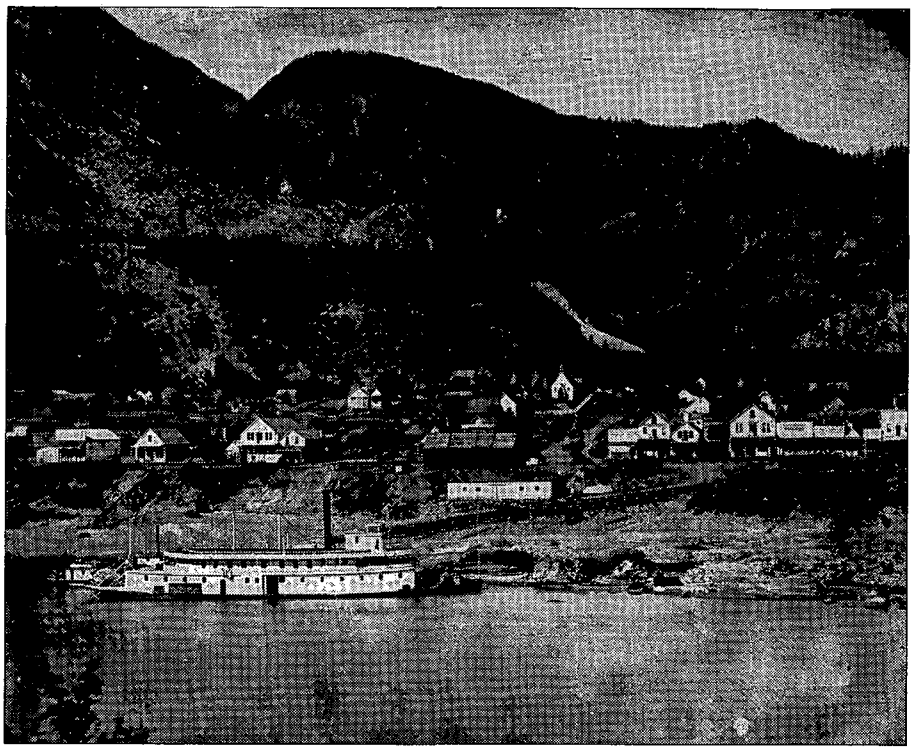
stolen animals in a hidden valley, where he led the men.

At daybreak, the scout made the sound of a coyote and called to the Indians in their own language, telling them they were surrounded by white men with powerful rifles. The Pawnees emerged from their tepees to see rifle barrels aimed at them from behind rocks and decided to surrender the cattle. The men from the wagon train drove their herd back to the camp.

The journey from Omaha to the Platte River was hard and tedious, with spells of excitement when bands of Indians were sighted or great herds of buffalo thundered by. They crossed the wide and shallow river by caulking wagon beds and lashing the wagons together. Onward the Ladner party plodded, and the two brothers inscribed their names on that immense piece of granite called Independence Rock.

A letter dated July 21, 1852, from W.H. Ladner in Salt Lake City to a sister in Mineral Point shows his surprise that so large a city had been built in so short a time. He wrote that he was in good health and spirits. Flour was three dollars per hundred pounds, bacon thirty cents a pound—very high, he thought. Bill dined at a house where a man had five wives. "They seem proud to speak of it," he wrote, "and they say the Governor, Brigham Young...has twenty-nine of them, so if one wife will make a man happy, what will many do?"



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The Ladner Brothers spent many years at Yale as freight carriers to the north. The sternwheeler is the S.S. *William Irving*.

AT THE END of the arduous five-month journey, the Ladner caravan camped for the last night on the slopes of the Sierra Nevada not far from Hangtown (now Placerville), California. Eager to begin prospecting in the goldfields, Tom first needed a job to replenish his hard-earned savings. In Hangtown he met a man seated in a democrat. The man leapt down to face Tom, a heavy-set youth with red cheeks, blue eyes, and curly, fair hair. "Would you like a job, Johnny?" the man asked.

"Why, yes."

"If you can drive a democrat, just jump in."

Tom climbed up and asked about the job as the democrat bounced along. After a time, his new employer pointed ahead to a crowd surrounding a man who lay on the ground bound hand and foot. A big miner with a flaming mustache looked up from the crowd at Tom. "Young man," he said, "I am foreman of this miners' jury. We've convicted this man of horse stealing and sentenced him to be hanged on the limb of yonder oak tree. You are to take him down there, the executioner will fix the rope and you will drive..."

White-faced, young Tom stuttered, "I'm th-through with this j-j-job." Leaping from the wagon, he ran until he was out of wind. He turned about and watched the distant procession go down the hill to the big oak tree.

The Ladner brothers worked together in Grass Valley, not far from Sacramento and placer mined along the rivers without great success. By 1854, however, they had accumulated $3,000 in gold dust, which Tom decided to deposit in the Wells, Fargo Bank at San Francisco. He made the trip on horseback and stopped at an inn along the way. When no room was available, he wondered if he could sleep in a chair in the lounge. The innkeeper finally talked to a stranger who had a room with two beds. The man, a soft-spoken, middle-aged southerner, agreed to let Tom sleep in the second bed.

Tom confided in his host that he was carrying the gold dust and asked how he should protect it and his father's gold watch. The man eyed him quizzically. "Johnny, don't tell anybody. Don't tell anybody. Don't tell anybody."

Tom awakened early to find that his host had left. Mounting his horse, he set out for San Francisco, carrying a Colt's revolver to ward off highwaymen. His worst fears were realized when a bandit emerged from some bushes and aimed a gun at his chest. The lower part of the man's face was covered by a bandanna, which he pulled down to reveal the features of Tom's host at the inn. The highwayman drawled, "Johnny, go along, and don't tell anybody. Don't tell anybody." Then he swung onto his horse and rode off.

TOM LATER learned that the robber who had let him off so easily was a notorious bandit who would meet his end in Southern California, shattered by bullets from a sheriff's posse.

In 1858, with returns from the gold mines in Grass Valley declining, Tom and Bill decided to follow thousands of people leaving for the goldfields of the Fraser River in British Columbia. They traveled by stagecoach to San Francisco, where they sailed for the shanty town of Victoria aboard the small vessel, *Brother Jonathan*. Because

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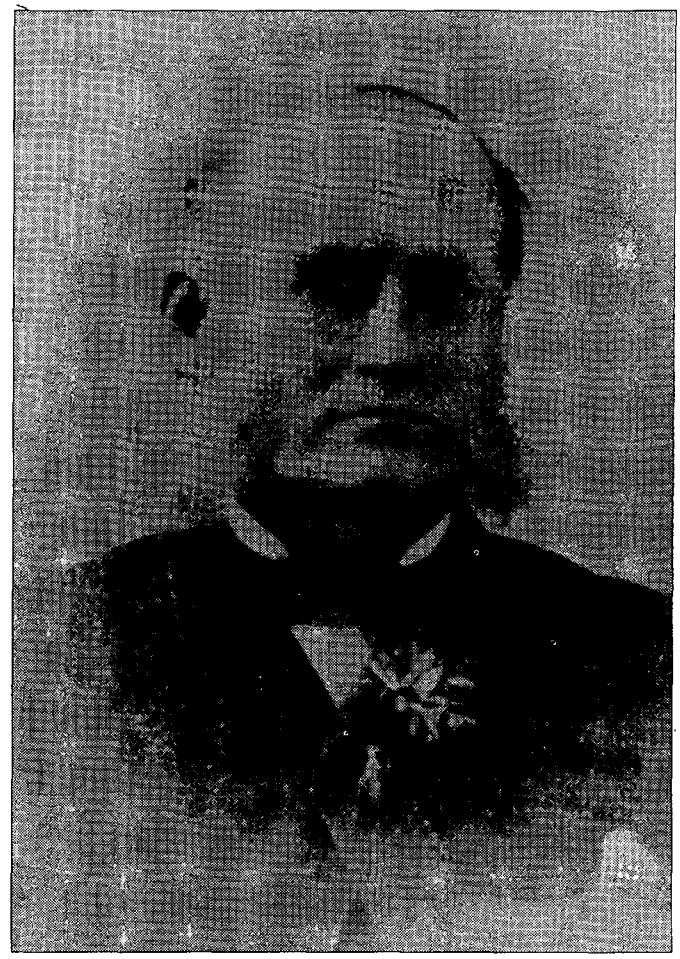
of a building boom at Victoria, the brothers were forced to live in a tent.

Now they had to compete with perhaps ten thousand would-be miners who were desperately trying to find transportation across the Gulf of Georgia. The resourceful brothers struck a bargain with the chief of the Songhees to take them over in a large canoe for fifty dollars, with the proviso that he would avoid the gunboats which Governor James Douglas had stationed at the mouth of the Fraser River to collect taxes. Miners were expected to pay a head tax of two dollars each, plus a mining tax of five dollars per month. Steamboats were to pay an additional twelve dollars; canoes and other smaller craft, six dollars.

The Ladners also arranged to have their canoe towed part of the way by the S.S. *Plunger,* a small steamer which carried passengers to the mainland. Near the mouth of the river, however, the Songhee chief cut the canoe loose from the boat. Instead of landing near their destination of Fort Langley, Bill and Tom had to go ashore at Tsawwassen, an Indian village near the coast.

Next morning, with the help of local Indians, the Ladners set out in a skiff for the fort. Along the way, they passed a slough with the Salish name, "Chilukthan." They agreed that after making their fortunes they would return to drain and cultivate this flat, rich land.



Both Photos: Delta Museum and Archives

Thomas (left) and William Ladner, pioneers in British Columbia's agriculture, industry, and politics.

On June 1, 1858, they left Fort Langley for Hope, where they spent that fall and part of 1859 mining the river banks and sandbars. They paid twenty-one shillings each for licenses.

Farther upriver, beyond Yale, Indians began to attack the miners, who fled early in August, abandoning belongings, tools, and provisions. The Ladner brothers, mining south of that area, saw the scalped bodies of white men floating down the river. The Indians resented the arrogance of the Americans, or "Boston Men." Also, they wanted some control over the gold mining. Since they had received payment for furs, they reasoned that they also should be paid for the gold taken from their river.

About forty miners under a Captain Rouse fought with the Indians at Spuzzum on the Fraser River. They killed seven of the Indians and burned three villages. At Yale, which had a population of 3,000, nearly 2,000 men attended a meeting at which many—including the two Ladners—volunteered for action. In the meantime, Indian arrows and rifle fire picked off several miners.

Late in August 1858, Governor Douglas arrived in Hope with a force of marines and engineers from H.M.S. *Satellite.* When his investigation showed that the "old trouble-making firewater" had been the root of the conflict, he issued a proclamation prescribing heavy fines for selling liquor to Indians. He appointed peace officers and made William H. Ladner chief constable. Soon peace with all the chiefs and their followers between

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Yale and Lytton was restored.

When normalcy returned, the Ladners went back to their sluicing operations. Beginning in 1860 they spent several years carrying freight north from Yale. Tom had sixty-five mules in his train, and each could carry a load of from 250 to 400 pounds. The mules knew their places and followed the leader, a white mare with a bell. One man tended every eight animals. There were also a superintendent and a cook. Steamers brought the freight upriver to Yale, and Tom's pack train carried it on to Quesnel, a month's journey. Other trains forwarded it from Quesnel to the Cariboo mines.

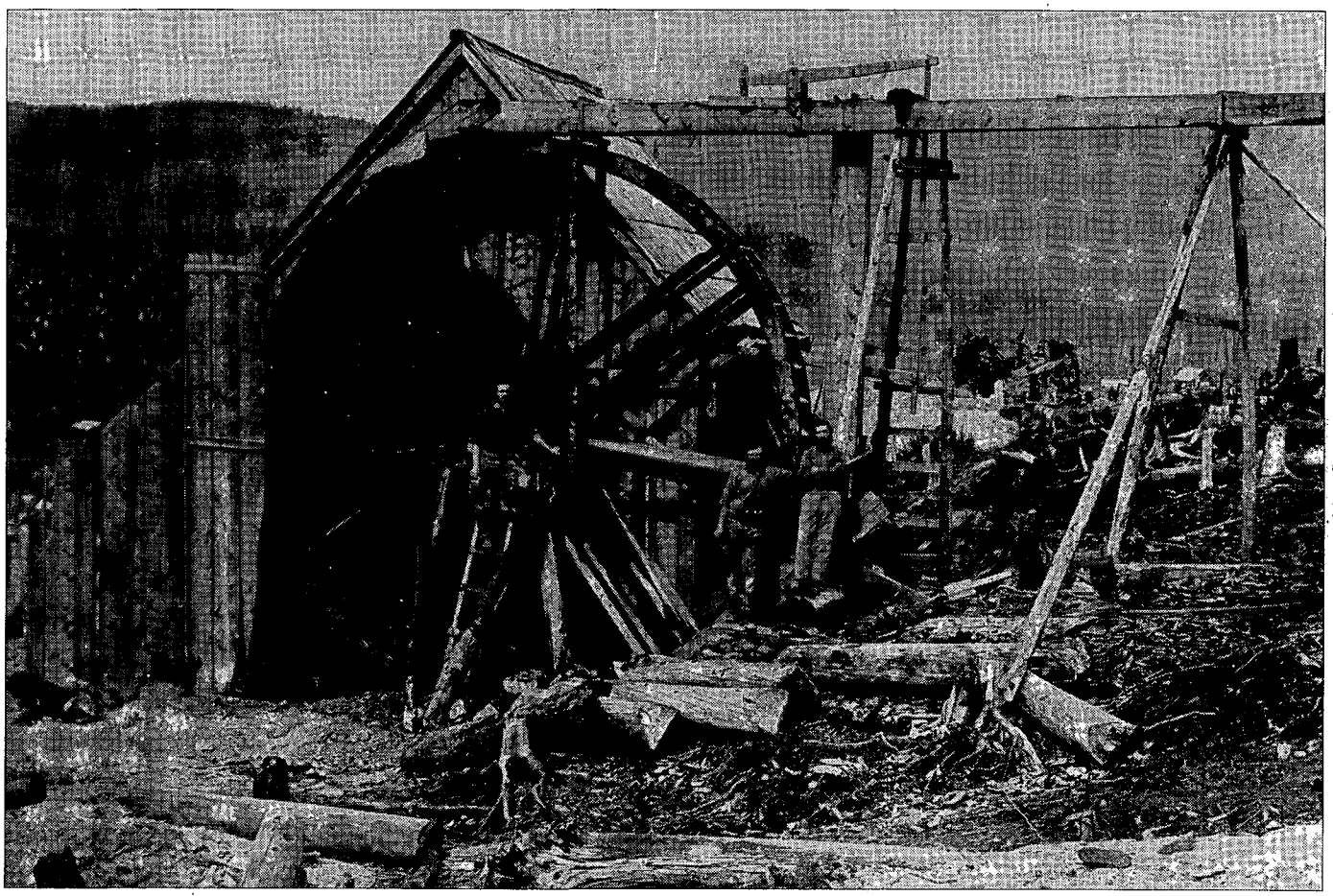
Three trips that season paid well, but when the boom went bust, Bill Ladner did, too. Tom also gave up the pack business in 1868, briefly to run a merchandising business at New Westminster. He dealt in supplies for animals: grain, hay, and similar goods. Bill came to live with Tom, and when Tom's house burned, the brothers faced another major decision.

The Ladners had lived on a farm for a time in Cornwall and knew about land and farming. They returned to Chilukthan Slough, which they had seen while rowing up the Fraser in 1858. The land in what is now Delta Municipality was fortified and close to navigable water, but it would have to be drained and dyked. Pestered by mosquitoes and black flies, the brothers worked day after day on the soggy but rich alluvial soil. On the east side of the slough, Tom preempted and purchased about 820 acres at one dollar per acre. It was to become the largest farm on the delta. William did the same with 640 acres on the west side. Others also claimed large areas; by 1877 little unclaimed land remained.

The settlers brought milk cows from Oregon and used much of the land for dairy farming. They built corduroy roads, and cordwood-fired steamboats en route from Victoria to Westminster called at Ladners' Landing for passengers and freight.

All Saints Church, the first in Delta Municipality, was built on land that Bill Ladner donated. He was a magistrate at the time. When he could not get a parishioner to shingle the roof, he found the solution by sentencing a minor offender who appeared before him frequently. "You are to proceed immediately to the Anglican church known as All Saints Church where you will be supplied with the necessary tools and shingles and you are to complete the shingling of the roof of that church." W.E. Ladner was a British Columbia provincial legislator from 1886 to 1890. He also served as reeve and police magistrate in Delta Municipality.

In autumn 1878, Tom Ladner and three other men organized the Delta Cannery at Ladner on the Chilukthan Slough where it drained into the Fraser. Under Tom's management, the cannery became one of the most



Provincial Archives of British Columbia

Deep in the Cariboo diggings, a Cornish water wheel and flume provided power for sluicing gravel for gold, pumping out flooded shafts, and running winches.

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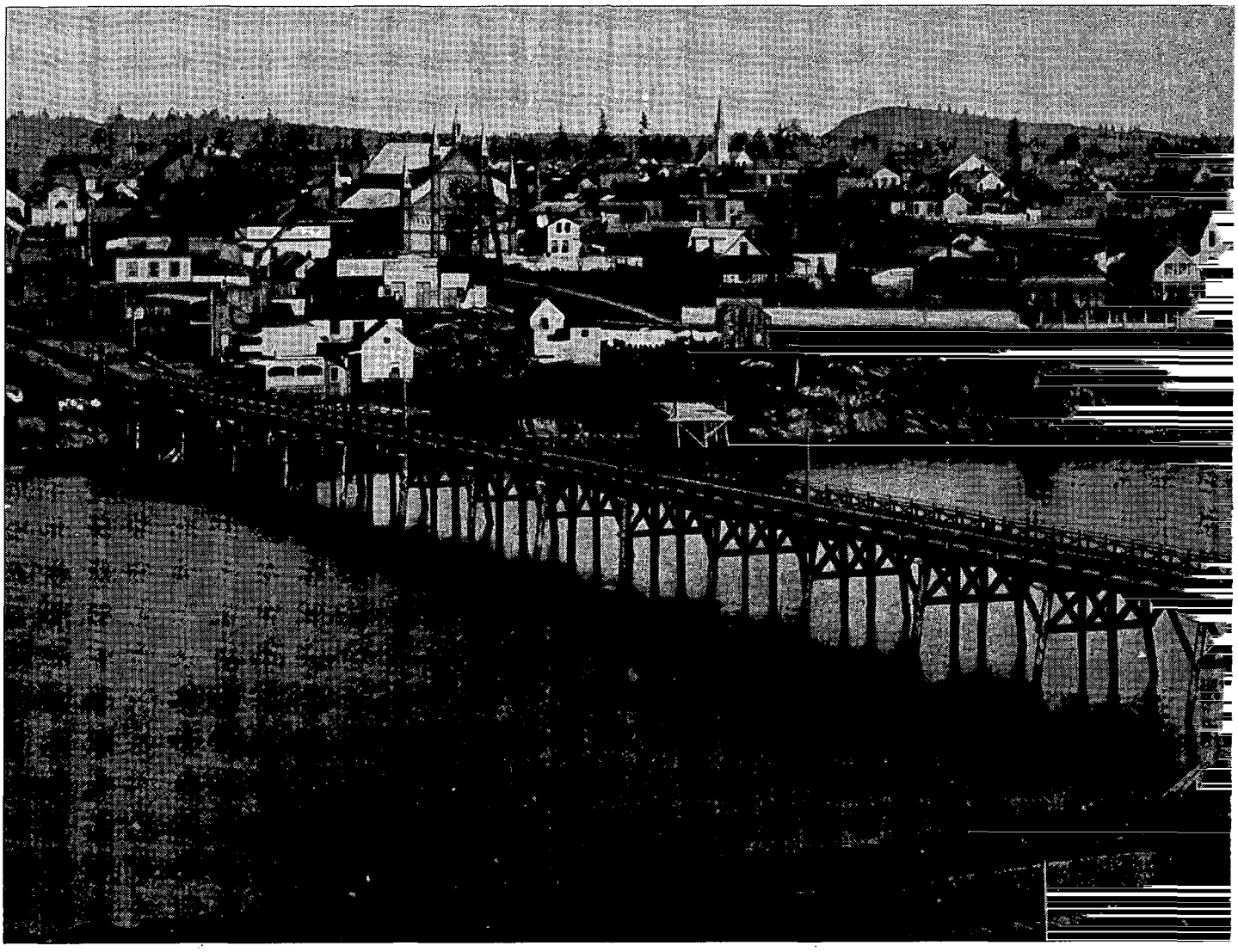

The Ladner Brothers lived in Victoria, British Columbia, until they hired the chief of the Songhees to take them to the mainland in a large canoe.

important businesses in British Columbia. It employed 160 Indian fishermen, 150 Chinese cannery workers, and 20 white men as heads of departments. Also a number of Indian women knitted nets for the fishery.

By 1882, thirteen canneries operated on the Fraser. That year they canned about 250,000 cases. Europeans, mostly Austrians, built homes and boats in Ladner and fished for a living. Salmon were plentiful On August 7, 1892, Tom Ladner wrote, "there was another 'big run' of sockeye outside the sandheads at the mouth of the Fraser River—very thick and the fishermen could see them in the clear water come up to the nets and turn away again. The salmon were jumping in all directions."

The fish were plentiful, but the canning business was plagued by labor problems. In 1892, as men for the canneries were scarce, Ladner had to contract with the Chinese "bosses" to provide Chinese labor for the following year. Workers struck in 1893, and by 1900 the Japanese and the Indians had entered the fishing business. The whites resented the competition. Racial slurs flew as the climate became bitterly hostile. The Japanese refused to take part in strikes and carried rifles to protect themselves. The Fishermen's Union picketed the Fraser River and the Gulf of Georgia with armed boats. That July the salmon run was heavy. The canneries were in full operation; the scows and wharves were loaded with salmon; and the restless fishermen were ready for trouble.

Workers struck in 1893, and by 1900 the Japanese and the Indians had entered the fishing business. The whites resented the competition. Racial slurs flew as the climate became bitterly hostile. The Japanese refused to take part in strikes and carried rifles to protect themselves.

One morning Tom was sitting in the company store near the Wellington Cannery at the junction of Canoe Pass and the Fraser River. He heard a hubbub. When he looked out the window, he saw Indians leaving the cannery and coming along the boardwalk to the gate. The trouble

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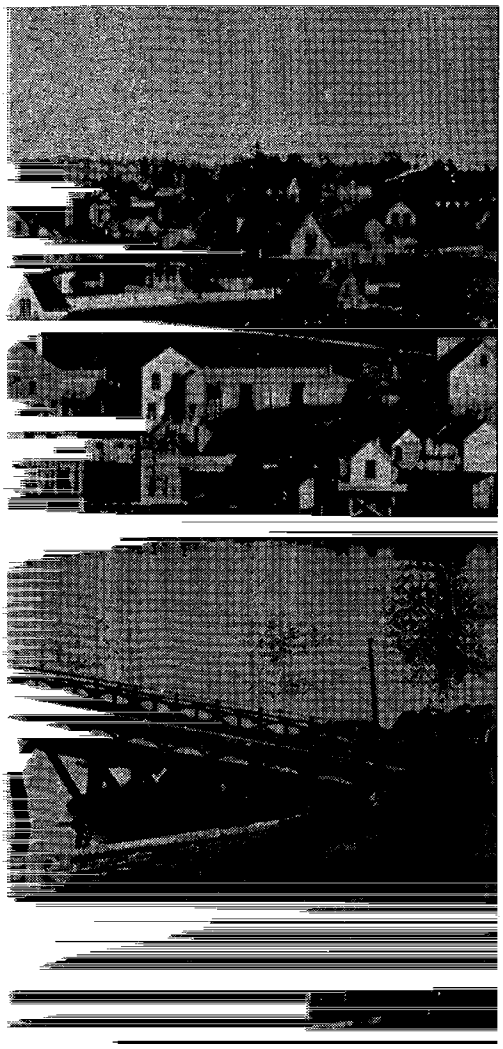

City Archives, Vancouver, British Columbia

Delta Museum and Archives

Wadham's Cannery (?) on the Fraser River not far from Delta, circa 1900.

could mean an expensive delay in canning the large harvest. A mixed-blood whom Tom recognized as a troublemaker led the Indians, who all were armed with long fish knives.

With a revolver in his pocket, Tom met the crowd at the gate. The leader demanded an immediate doubling of wages. Notwithstanding a firm contract already in place, Tom agreed to negotiate later if the men would return to work. The leader yelled and, knife in hand, tried to shove Tom off the sidewalk and down an embankment. Tom drove his fist into his assailant's jaw and knocked him off the boardwalk into a ditch. When the other Indians moved in on him, Tom aimed his revolver at them and warned that the first man who struck at him with a knife would be shot. Convinced that he meant what he said, the laborers returned to pack the tremendous haul of salmon. The troublemaker was fired and the wages were increased.

William Ladner died in 1907, and declining health eventually forced Tom to give up his interests in the fishing business. He lived with his family in Los Gatos, California, for a time, leaving the farm in care of a manager. After eleven months he returned to resume its operation. Land needed to be cleared and cultivated, buildings constructed, drains made. The dairy herd needed to be improved, as did the swine, sheep, and chickens.

On March 21, 1911, along with daughter Alice, Tom and his wife met their son Leon, a lawyer, in Naples, Italy. They traveled extensively through France, Germany, and England. Near Lille, France, they met Leon's French fiancée. Tom wearied of museums, churches, and art galleries and told Leon he had seen enough madonnas to last him until he got to heaven. The highlight of the trip for him was his visit to his birthplace in Penzance.

Back home in Ladners' Landing, Tom kept an eye on his farm, read, played whist and bridge, and enjoyed the company of his friends. He also maintained a residence in Vancouver, where he and Leon were active in real estate. Thomas Ellis Ladner died in 1922 in his eighty-sixth year.

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Who Burned the House That Jack Built?

By P.M. Wright

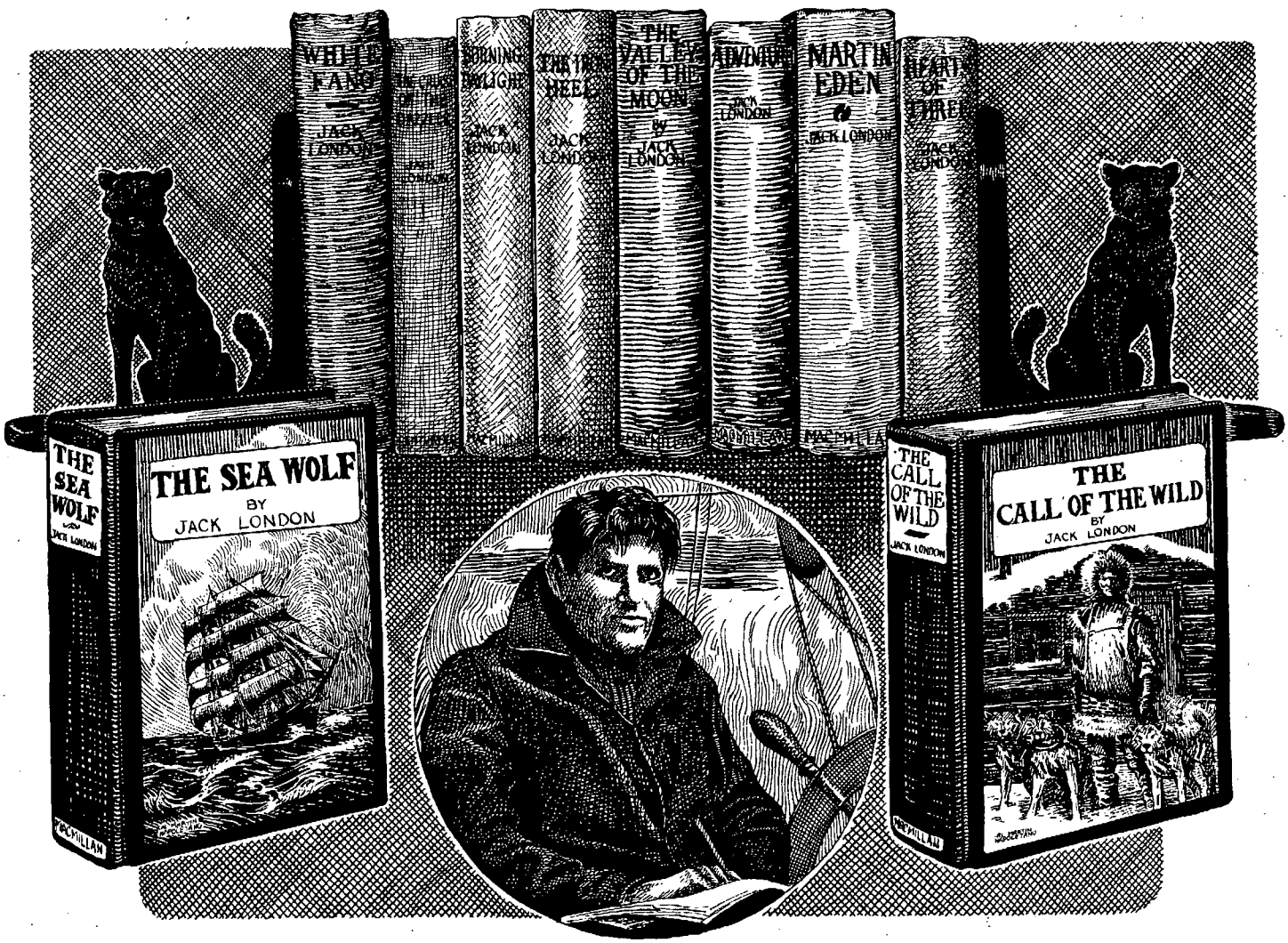
Who burned the house that Jack built? A man grows rich and famous from writing the stories of his life, the fantasies of his childhood, and then near the end he discovers a valley. Easily he learns to love the valley, and like the Indians, he calls it the Valley of the Moon.

After a short, whirlwind lifetime of searching the world over, always running from a lonely, uncertain childhood, and writing books at a pace that would have killed anyone else, Jack London, the self-proclaimed "sailor on horseback," had come home. For London the Valley of the Moon was an end to a long search. It was a place where a man could live or die in the comfort of knowing he was home, finally, among these hills.

Up to the point in his life when he discovered his love for the valley, London's existence had been one of meteoric haste. He had charged through life in a state of near desperation to learn, to see, to taste, and touch. In a few short years he had written dozens of books, most of them bestsellers, and all of them written quickly and finely with incidental revision. Jack London had little time to waste.

If you are lucky, you discover the Valley of the Moon on a clear night. And if the lunar opposition is right, you see a full moon, over-sized and glowing. At first it appears above the

Illustrated by AL MARTIN NAPOLETANO



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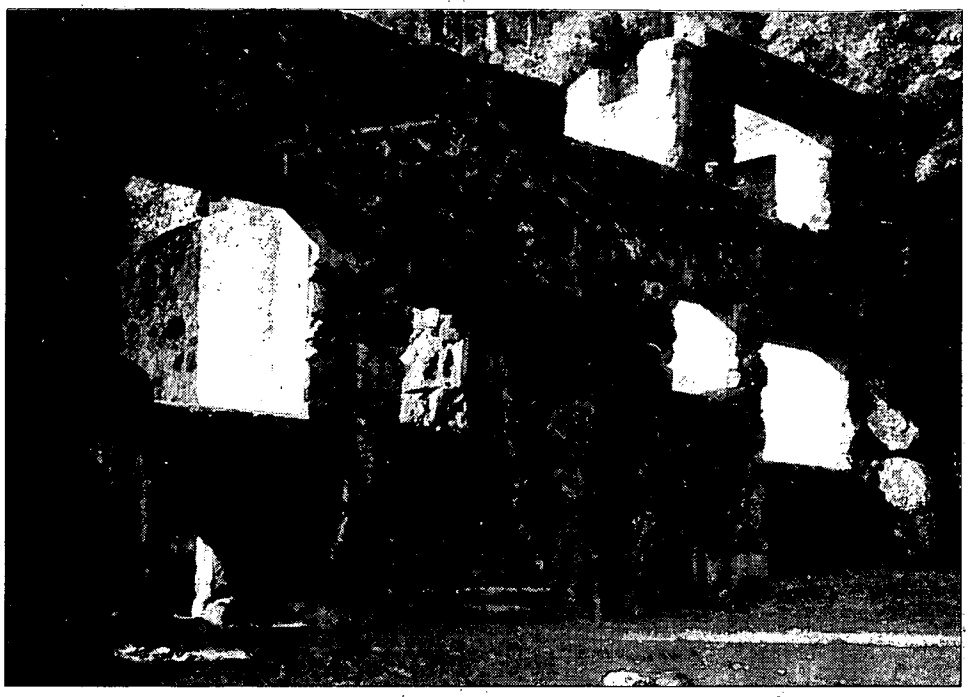
Mayacama Range to the east and then slides down the western slope into the valley and fills it with a mysterious extraterrestrial light. On such nights you can see from mountain to mountain, and atop the ridges you can see tall firs and pines standing black against the moon.

It was that sort of night when Jack London fell in love with the valley and decided to make it his home. He would buy a ranch high on a mountainside; there he and his wife Charmian would raise their children, farm, ride, love, and he would write.



Author's Photo

The Wolf House ruins as they appear today.

"YES, THIS IS IT, a real homeplace, a beauty of a ranch," he blurted to Charmian. "This is where we'll live, and someday we'll build a grand house down there in those young redwoods." He named it Beauty Ranch.

Charmian London was as much a romantic as her husband, and she learned to love her "hillside" above the grand valley. It did not take her long to make the cottage there a home. A restless woman, she rode, farmed, ranched, and rough-housed with Jack every day and still found time to type his manuscripts, be a wife, and a friend.

Jack was only three weeks from moving into his dream house when disaster struck in the dead of the night. Flames towered a hundred feet into the air. Wolf House was burning. Ranch hands and laborers living on the property gathered to fight the flames, but it was no use.

For some time now Jack had nurtured a favorite dream about a special house that would be as much a part of himself as his writing and his adventures. That grand house would have to be built from the raw wilderness materials that he loved, rough-cut logs and massive volcanic stones. It would have to be designed to lend itself to the natural beauty of its surroundings.

Jack's dream house would be a unique fusion of the wilderness cabin, the hunting lodge of a baron, and the den of a timberwolf. It would be massive, with enough space to house all of Jack's varied interests and activities. It would have a reflecting pool, numerous fireplaces, a large den and game room for Jack and his pals to carouse in, and a writing room high up, with a grand view of the valley.

So Wolf House was conceived. In his characteristic zeal, Jack undertook the construction of Wolf House with a determination that left little room for failure. He committed all his resources to the project, hiring stonemasons, carpenters, and laborers in droves. Soon his over-extended finances worsened, and it became difficult for him to continue with the new construction and maintain Beauty Ranch and his usual standard of living. Under the financial burden Jack increased the tempo of his life. During the construction he maintained his minimum daily output of a thousand words, personally supervised the ongoing construction, and cheerfully entertained the steady stream of visitors to his door. His failing health was further jeopardized when he cut his already short sleeping night in order to keep up with the daily routine.

The Wolf House construction crept along for three years. Huge volcanic stones had to be quarried and hauled by wagon to the site, not an easy feat in that rugged up and down country. The cured timbers had to be snaked by horse team through the thick forest, up and down the hills and over every little canyon and gully. Money was scarce and needed urgently. It soon became apparent that the cost would exceed the originally projected $70,000, but Jack refused to order a delay in construction. He believed a man could do anything he wanted to do. All you had to do to succeed was make up your mind and then devote yourself entirely. That had always been Jack's philosophy, and it had worked splendidly for him in his writing career.

In August of 1913 the long struggle was nearly over and Jack was only three weeks from moving into his dream house when disaster struck in the dead of the night. Flames towered a hundred feet into the air. Wolf House was burning. Ranch hands and laborers living on the property gathered to fight the flames, but it was no use. They summoned Jack.

There was little Jack or anyone else could do. He stood quietly among a nearby stand of young redwoods and watched the multi-colored flames consume the building that had become his soul. By the time the sun came

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Courtesy of the Author

Jack London.

over the Mayacama Range, all that remained of Wolf House was its massive stone walls, charred timbers, broken roof tiles, and three feet of ashes. A stack of redwood lumber some distance from the house had also burned.

In the foggy and smoky early morning light, Jack started back toward the cottage and then turned to those nearby and said, "I would rather be the man whose house burned, than the man who burned it."

Those who cared sifted through the ashes of Wolf House. Somewhere in the smoldering ruin there had to be a clue to the fire's origin. Jack was convinced it was arson. He had fired a laborer just the day before, and the sulking man could have crept back during the night and set the blaze.

Also, Jack had fought with James Shepard, his stepsister's husband, over Eliza's devotion to Beauty Ranch and her famous stepbrother. Shepard felt that Jack's domination of Eliza had caused their pending divorce. Jack felt certain Shepard was capable of burning Wolf House, but as with many incendiary fires, there was no way to prove arson. Even if it could be proven, the question would remain, who lit the fatal match?

Spontaneous combustion definitely was a possibility. Clean-up work was underway at Wolf House at the time of the fire, and work crews were using turpentine and other chemicals to clean stains from all the wood in the house. Witnesses to the fire later reported that it burned with a mysterious blue flame, a result of the turpentine saturation throughout the house. Carelessness with cleanup rags could have resulted in spontaneous combustion, but that is unlikely.

Albert Farr, the Wolf House architect, was very aware of the fire danger at this stage of construction. So was Mr. Forni, the superintendent. Forni watched his crew like a hawk and would have personally removed any oily rags left laying around by his men. It seems that a man afraid of spontaneous combustion would have made a last minute check of the building.

MORE PUZZLING, why did the stack of new lumber burn? It lay some distance from the house and was separated by a stand of young redwood trees. The trees were unharmed by the fire. It seems that whoever started the Wolf House fire also took the trouble to burn the pile of lumber. That gives some credence to the suspicion that the fire was an act of vengeance. It is highly unlikely that sparks or flames from the house would have caught the lumber on fire. Taking into consideration the density of a stack of lumber and the unlikelihood of accidental ignition, someone must have made an effort to get the wood going. Most likely an accelerant was used. So far no one has been able to determine if the woodpile burned with the same blue flame reported in the house fire.

If Wolf House were intentionally burned and the motive were revenge, then who lit the match—the disgruntled laborer or James Shepard?

For years Jack had outshone his aging stepbrother-in-law. They had gone to the Alaskan goldfields together in 1897 and, once there, Shepard had failed miserably. He gave up early in the expedition due to fear of the coming winter and his physical condition and returned home. Jack had quickly taken over the supplies and carried them singlehandedly over Chilkoot Pass and then braved the long winter cooped up in a cabin with three other men. Jack returned home with a fortune, not in gold, but in story ideas that would eventually make him rich.

Eliza London Shepard had gradually grown away from her aging husband and begun to devote her life to Jack. She loved Jack as a brother and as her literary hero. She managed Beauty Ranch when he was away on

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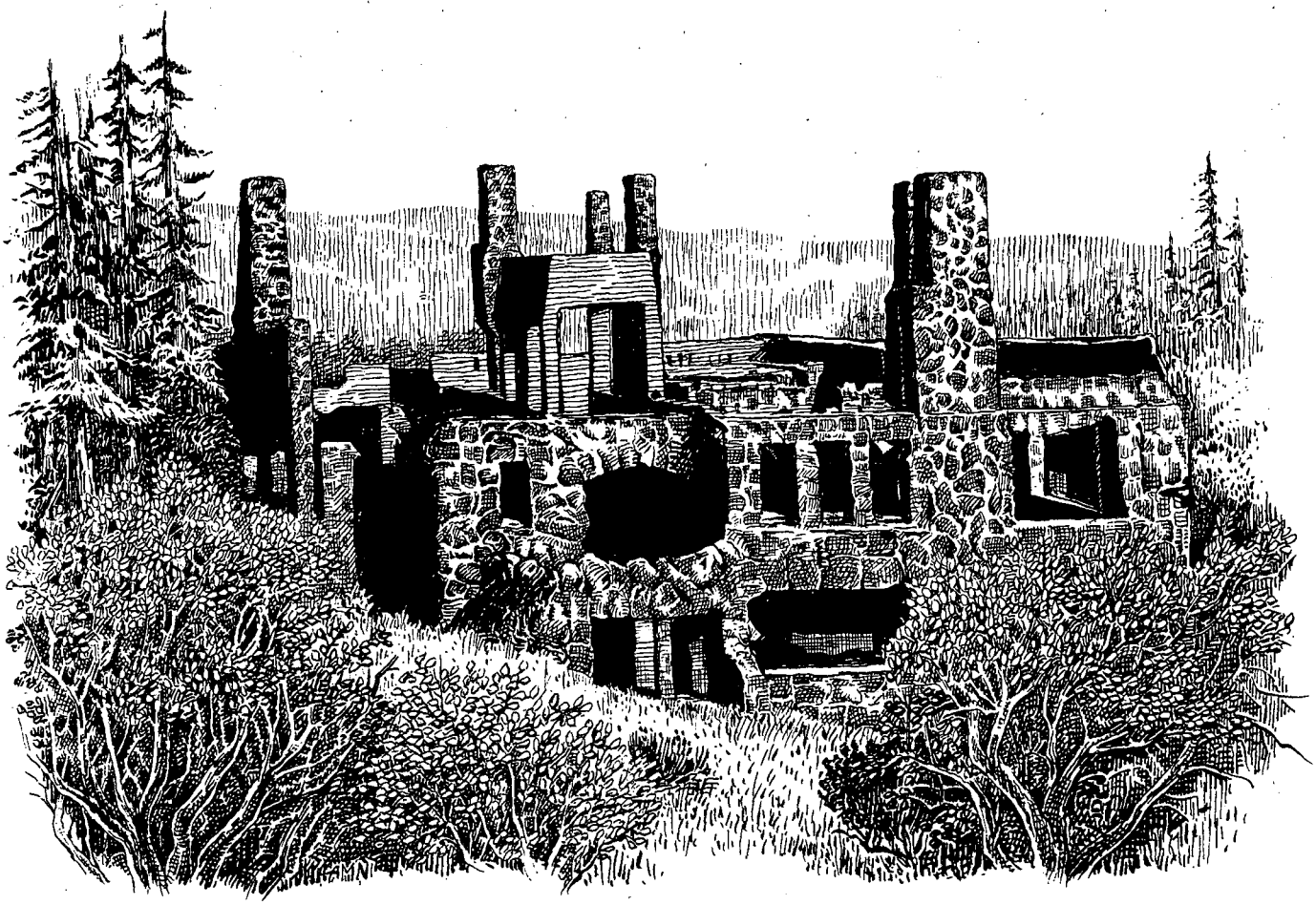

long trips, often looked after his literary interests, and in time became nearly indispensible to him. That relationship could have been a worm gnawing at Shepard's heart. He was an old man losing a young wife, and perhaps in his helplessness he needed a potent way to get even.

Captain Kenneth Grimm, the present Napa County arson investigator, said of the fire, "It seems that spontaneous combustion is a definite possibility. Linseed oil and turpentine are two elements which, under certain circumstances, lend themselves to spontaneous combustion. Heat is not necessary for combustion, but can accelerate the chemical reaction. For linseed or turpentine rags to combust, they need to be somewhat compacted, the heat confined. A single rag carelessly tossed into a corner would probably not generate enough heat to ignite. It seems that a conscientious foreman would have been scrupulous in his cleaning up of the construction site at the end of each day. One overlooked rag would not have done the job.

"Whether the fire was caused by arson or spontaneous combustion, the nine hours which had elapsed between quitting time and the discovery of the fire were ample for the twenty-eight room structure to be totally ablaze, an inferno. The abundance of burnable material in the structure would lend itself to a fast-moving fire. Redwood, a soft, porous material, was used extensively throughout the house and would have burned rapidly and easily.

"ONE VERY real mystery is why the stack of redwood lumber, which was separated from the house by a small stand of trees, burned. The trees were unharmed, so it is unlikely that an ember or intense radiating heat ignited the wood. It would take an effort to ignite a densely stacked pile of lumber. In most cases an accelerant would be needed to start a fire of this nature and to keep it aflame. Most likely the burning of the lumber indicates arson; probably an act of vengeance."

Considerable evidence indicates Wolf House was intentionally burned. A number of people were concerned about spontaneous combustion and would have taken steps to prevent it. On the other hand, Jack had enemies who would like to hurt him. Besides his stepbrother-in-law and the disgruntled laborer, there was the socialist faction in the area. Though Jack had always worked for and sympathized with the socialist movement, they may have been incensed by his blatant building of a mansion. We may never know who burned Wolf House.

Jack planned to rebuild. He often went alone to the ruins and sat quietly amid the ashes. Perhaps in the ruins of Wolf House he saw the ashes of his own life. He was desperately ill. He alone realized how sick he was, and the fire had only served to drain his vitality.

Jack London's remaining few years swept by. On the morning of November 22, 1916, at forty years of age, the unique "sailor on horseback" slipped away.

The Wolf House ruins still stand. The cottage is vacant and in need of repair. Anywhere you wander among the Wolf House property, you can feel Jack London's presence. On a little wooded knoll above the ruins, where he can be a part of them forever, Jack is buried beneath a huge volcanic boulder that was quarried for Wolf House.

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Love & Death on the Vanishing Frontier

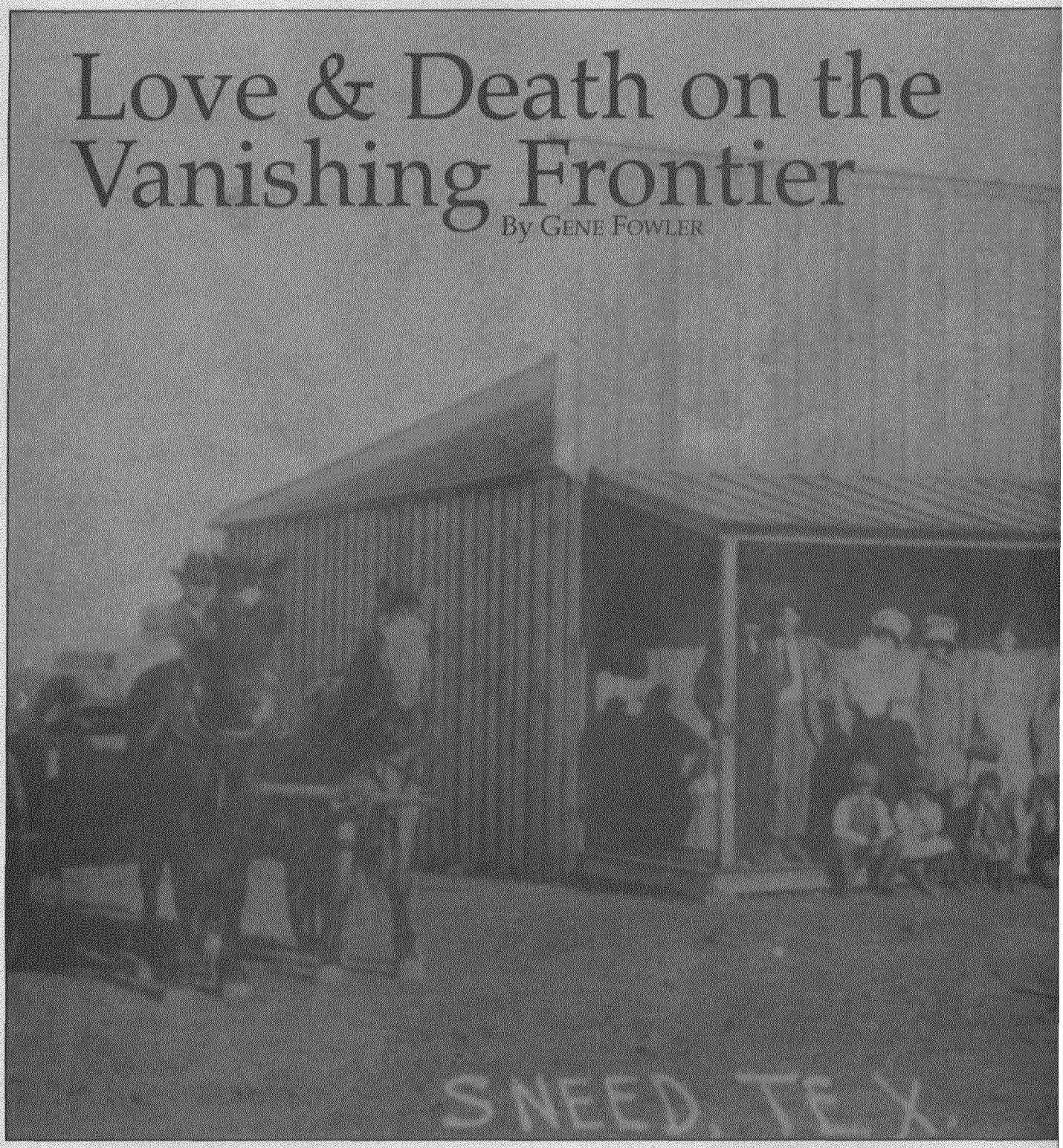
By Gene Fowler

Fort Worth, January 13, 1912.—Colonel Albert G. Boyce sat in the lobby of the Metropolitan Hotel, puffing a cigar and visiting with old friends as he waited for the evening train home to Amarillo. The colonel may have been recalling his adventures in the Civil War, his wounds suffered at Chickamauga, imprisonment at Fort Douglas and participation in the war's final battle under General Rip Ford on the Rio Grande, four days after Lee's surrender at Appomatox.

The seventy-year-old Colonel Boyce might have been gilding the lily on tales of trips up the Chisholm Trail or embroidering range stories from his eighteen years as manager of the three million-acre XIT Ranch. He might have ruminated on his childhood days in central Texas when Comanche raids still posed a constant danger.

Most likely, however, the discussion centered on a less pleasant topic. Colonel Boyce was in Fort Worth to get his son, Albert, Jr., out of a Canadian jail where he was being held on a Texas charge of violating the white slave law.

Though the hotel was centered in a once-notorious section of town called Hell's Half Acre, the district's wild and



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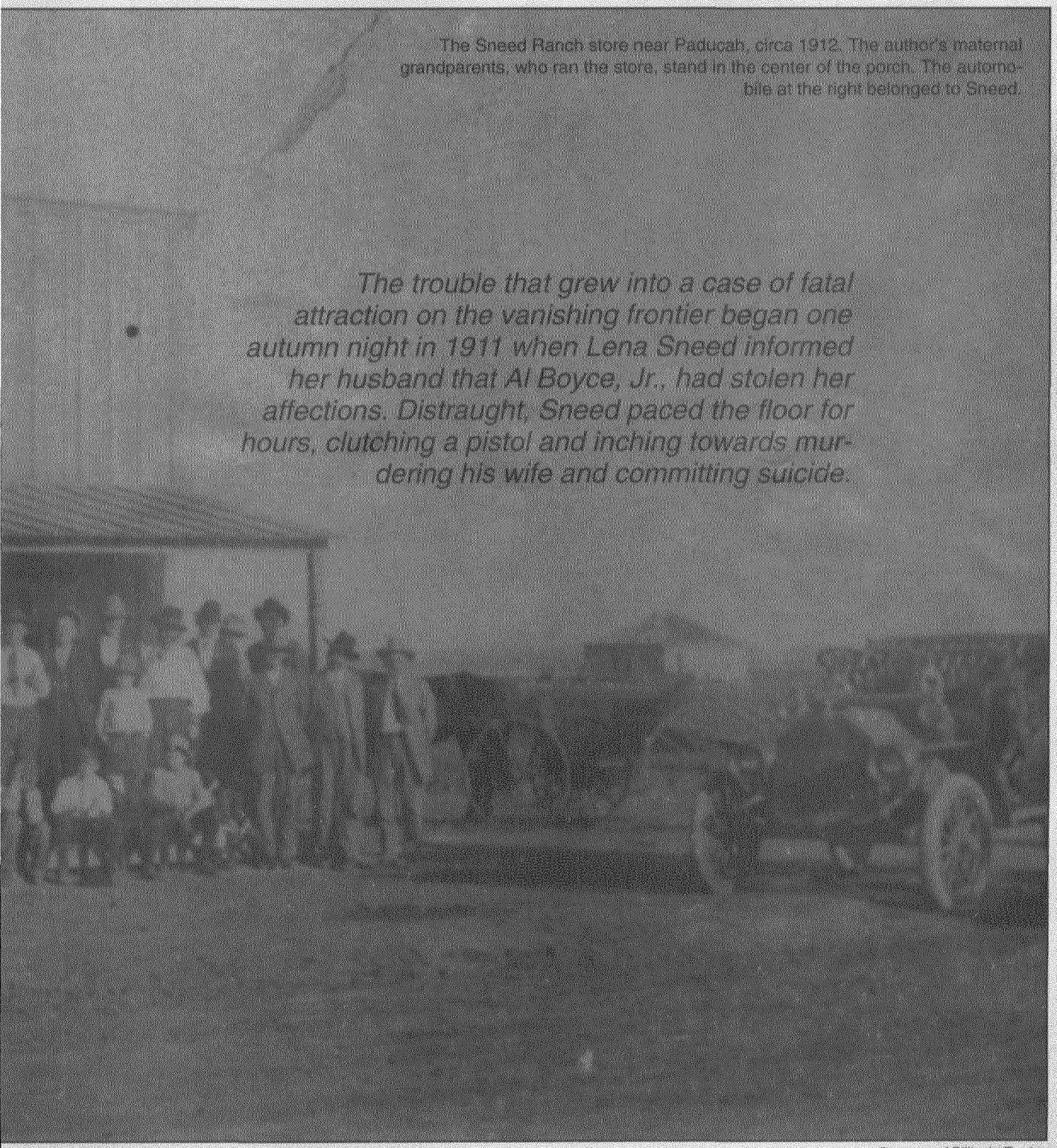
wooly deviltry had been muted for over a decade in 1912. By then Texas society was a contradictory mix of Victorianism and Wild West mythology struggling with twentieth-century change. Except for the unsavory nature of the colonel's mission, the Metropolitan's atmosphere was relatively serene.

The mood changed quickly. A frown crossed the old trail driver's face when he spotted another Amarillo citizen, John Beal Sneed, entering the hotel lobby. Though his clothing indicated he was a man of means, Sneed looked dirty and unshaven. A respected lawyer and businessman with farm and ranch holdings, normally mild and law-abiding, Sneed produced a .32 automatic and pumped five rounds into Colonel Boyce's stomach. As onlookers gasped, Colonel Boyce took a few steps and collapsed. Sneed muttered, "He is out of it," and walked promptly to the police station to surrender himself. The old veteran died an hour later at St. Joseph's Hospital.

The trouble that grew into a case of fatal attraction on the vanishing frontier began one autumn night in 1911 when Lena Sneed informed her husband that Al Boyce, Jr., had stolen her



The Sneed Ranch store near Paducah, circa 1912. The author's maternal grandparents, who ran the store, stand in the center of the porch. The automobile at the right belonged to Sneed.

The trouble that grew into a case of fatal attraction on the vanishing frontier began one autumn night in 1911 when Lena Sneed informed her husband that Al Boyce, Jr., had stolen her affections. Distraught, Sneed paced the floor for hours, clutching a pistol and inching towards murdering his wife and committing suicide.

Courtesy of Billie Jo Fowler

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A respected businessman and lawyer, normally mild and law abiding, Sneed produced a .32 automatic and started firing.

affections and that she planned to elope with him to South America. Distraught, Sneed paced the floor for hours, clutching a pistol and inching towards murdering his wife and committing suicide. Instead he wired his father to come from Georgetown and Lena's father, Captain Tom Snyder, to come from Clayton, New Mexico. No amount of pleading and paternal counsel could alter Mrs. Sneed's insistence.

Captain Snyder called on Colonel Boyce and asked him to keep Albert off the streets of Amarillo until the Sneeds could leave town. Colonel Boyce said that if Sneed killed Al, Jr., the act would be understandable and nothing would be done about it. But if anyone else killed him, "There would not be a grease spot left." One of Al's brothers, attorney Henry Boyce, said that if necessary they would get a warrant charging Al with insanity and have him locked up until the Sneeds cleared out.

A doctor was brought in to examine Mrs. Sneed and convinced her husband that she suffered from a disorder clinically noted as "moral insanity." Believing that in order to be cured she must be isolated from her family and friends, especially from Al, Jr., Sneed placed her in a Fort Worth sanitarium on October 17, the date of their eleventh anniversary.

ON THE night of November 8, she disappeared. Rumors began to fly that Al, Jr., had been seen in Cowtown. When word reached Sneed, on business in Quanah, he moved quickly, hiring the Pinkerton Agency to track the fleeing lovers, reportedly spending as much as $20,000 on the effort. In the meantime, his complaints to Fort Worth authorities brought charges of abduction and criminal assault against Boyce, based on Sneed's claim that Lena was insane and therefore legally unable to consent to the elopement. In some reports the charge was described as kidnapping or white slavery. When questioning his wife's nurse at the sanitarium, Sneed pulled his pistol to scare the truth out of her and the frightened woman jumped out the window. Rumors later circulated that the nurse had been paid a diamond to aid Lena's escape.

The lovesick tracker also recruited his friend, Dallas District Attorney W.H. Atwell, who placed a watch order on the Boyces' mail. The case attracted international attention when the couple was located the day after Christmas in Winnipeg. Detained by authorities, Al, Jr., and Lena were due to be deported as undesirable aliens when Sneed arrived and temporarily reunited with his wife. While Boyce remained jailed briefly in Canada, Sneed brought Lena back to Fort Worth and again confined her in a sanitarium. Later that same evening, believing that Colonel Boyce was active in a conspiracy to aid his wife's elopement, Beal Sneed murdered the

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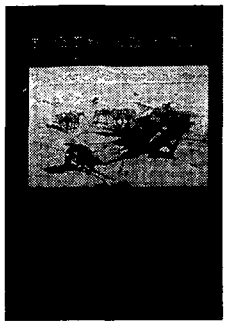

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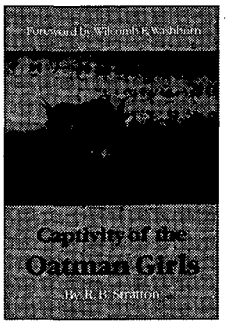

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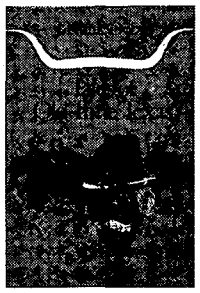

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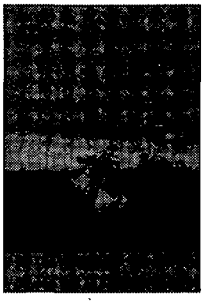

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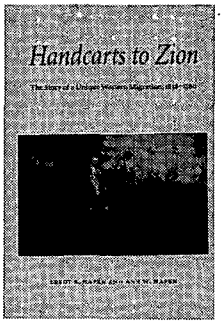

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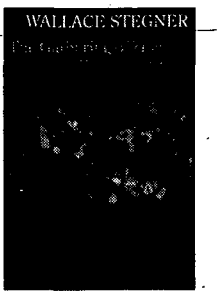

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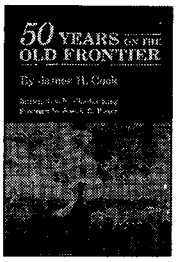

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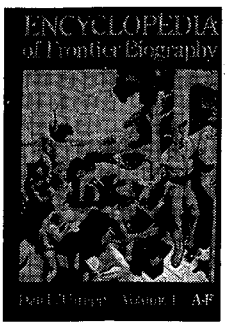

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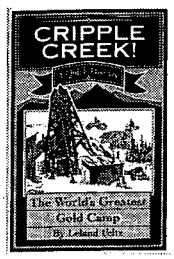

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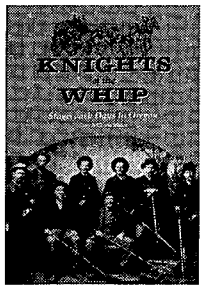

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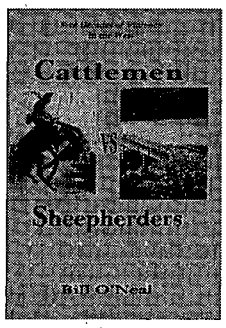

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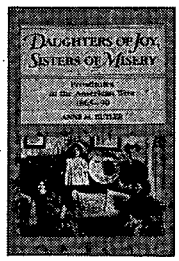

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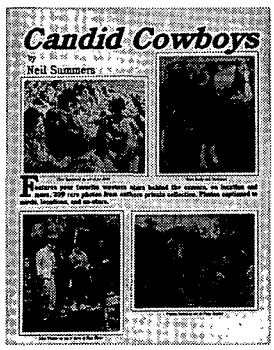

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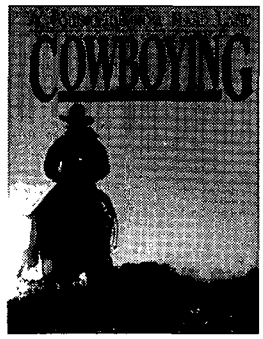

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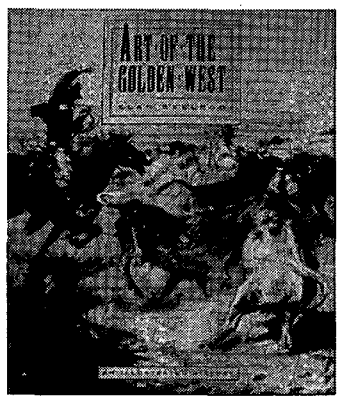

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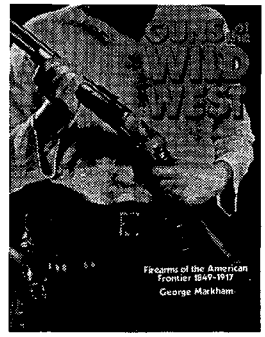

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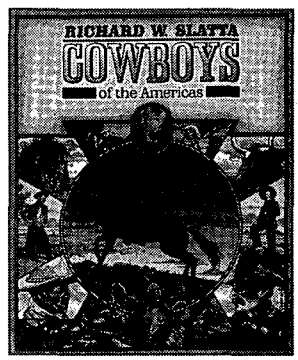

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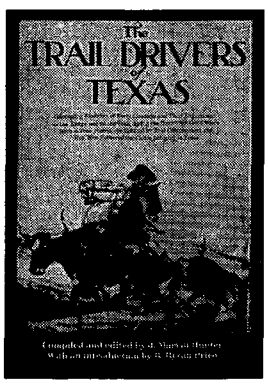

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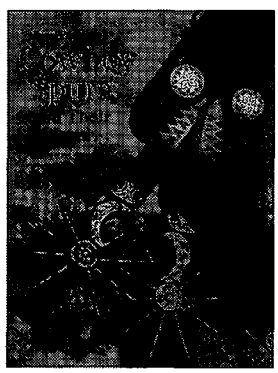

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old gray-bellied soldier.

As newspapers all over the state carried reports on Sneed's habeas corpus hearing, Mrs. Sneed's own lawyers moved to win her freedom from the sanitarium. She claimed to have been confined among "lunatics and pellagra patients." Shortly after her husband was freed on $35,000 bond, the court judged Lena Sneed to be sane and ordered her release from the sanitarium. The couple then moved temporarily to Dallas while Al Boyce, Jr., anguished in Canada over his father's murder.

The two wealthy families had been linked in happier circumstances since the 1880s, as friends and neighbors in Georgetown, Texas. Children of the two clans often played together. Doubtless, the Sneed and Boyce boys spent many an afternoon gunning down outlaw Sam Bass, who had met his Maker on his twenty-seventh birthday in nearby Round Rock in 1878. Perhaps Al, Jr., and Beal even faced off a time or two, fanning toy six-shooters the way they imagined Sam Houston might have done it. Lena's family, the Snyders, were also well-known in the area and Captain Tom Snyder and Colonel Boyce's friendship went back to 1858.

The rest of winter and spring 1912, Sneed traveled on business, partly to conclude the family's removal from Amarillo. Though Al, Jr., was rumored skulking through Texas, he remained in Canada for months. Lena Sneed went to California with a sister for about six weeks. Returning in May, she voluntarily reentered the Fort Worth sanitarium.

Courtesy of the Center for American History, University of Texas, Austin

Colonel Albert G. Boyce, manager of the XIT Ranch for eighteen years.

THOUGH AL, Jr., had a reputation as something of a rounder, he was also said to be the "crack shot of the panhandle." So when Al, Jr., finally returned to his home state in late June, Sneed had been practicing his marksmanship and preparing for the showdown that both men knew was inevitable. A somber sort of chess game ensued, Sneed and Boyce the fated players and a wide expanse of Texas the board.

Receiving reports that Al was in Fort Worth, Beal escorted Lena from the sanitarium to the Hot Wells Hotel in San Antonio. Two weeks later they returned to Dallas. Hearing that Al was snooping around in Dallas, Beal took his wife to a family farm in Calvert and told the caretaker that if he were killed to make sure one of his relatives and not Boyce took the children.

Rumors continued to sweep across the state the rest of the summer. Shadowy apparitions stalked the rivals' paths. Boyce and two accomplices were said to be riding the trains in disguise, determined to assassinate Sneed. A few days into September, Sneed cabled Beech Epting, a tenant farmer on Sneed property near Paducah (and part-time sheriff's deputy), to meet him in Fort Worth. Having let his beard grow scraggly, Sneed added a false moustache to his disguise and exchanged his fine clothing for coarse laborer's duds. Shortly, the two men entrained for Amarillo.

Using an assumed name, Sneed rented a small house across Polk Street from a Methodist church and down the street from the Boyce home. There he lay in wait for Al, blackening his reddish beard to further disguise his appearance and kept a baseball catcher's chest protector in the room for potential use as a bulletproof vest.

On Saturday, September 12, the Crack Shot of the Panhandle appeared on the street around two in the afternoon. Passing the church minister, Al, Jr., said hello and commented on the approaching chill of an early fall. Heart pounding, Beal Sneed emerged from the rented house carrying a long homemade box. An acquaintance passing by did not recognize him. One old friend later said Sneed had looked like a "Russian Jew" in his disguise.

A dog barked at two boys carrying a chicken in a sack. Sneed stopped on the curb across the street from Al Boyce, broke open the box and whipped out his shotgun. He blasted buckshot into Al, Jr., before his prey could pull the Leuger automatic from his waistband. "Oh don't" were the last

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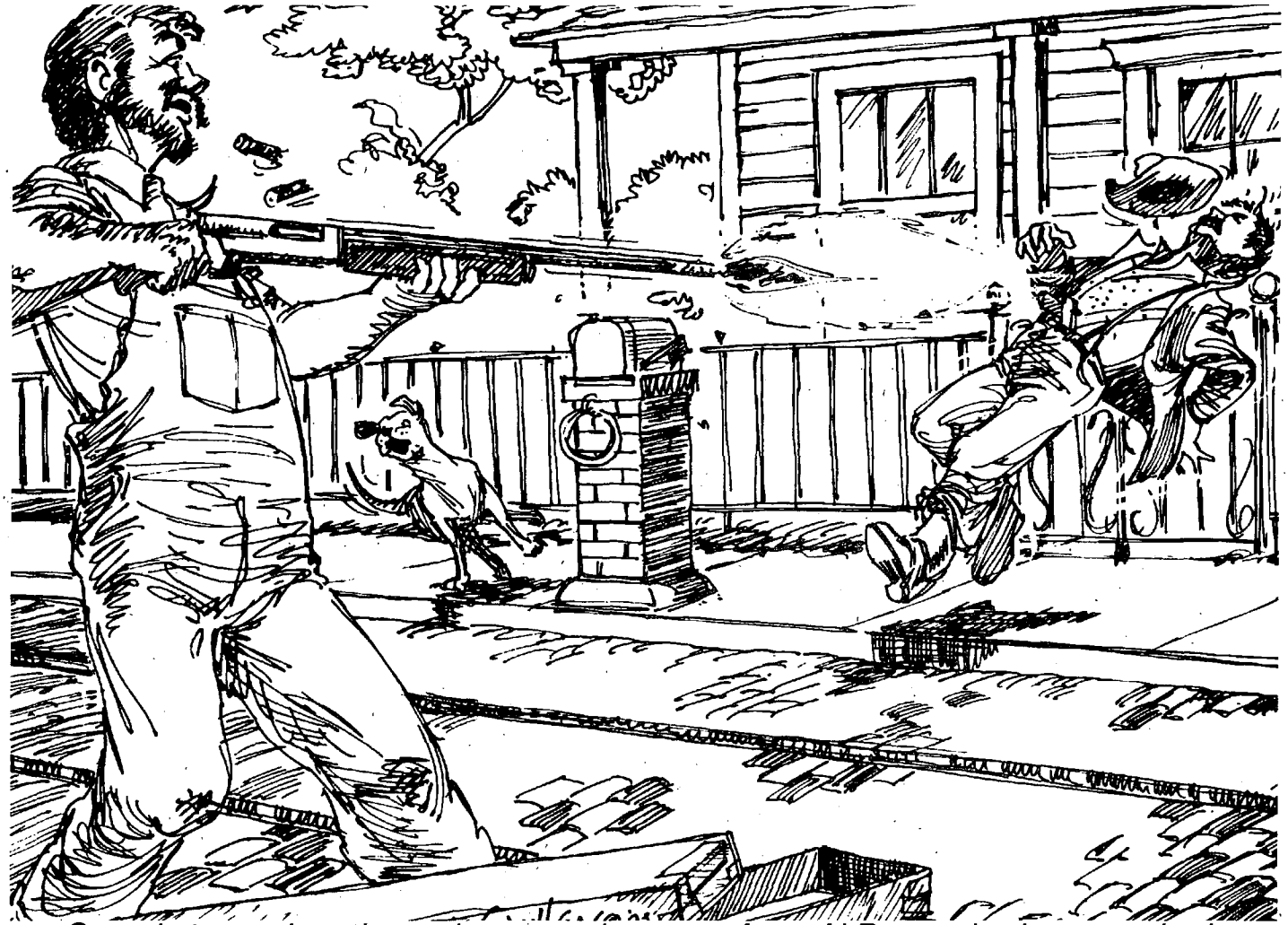

Sneed stopped on the curb across the street from Al Boyce, broke open the box and whipped out his shotgun.

words to escape Boyce's mouth as Sneed took a couple steps and fired again. Falling after the first shot, Boyce feebly tried to rise before Sneed advanced to the streetcar tracks and pulled the trigger a third time. His body riddled with thirty wounds, Al Boyce's spirit departed moments later. Those first on the scene said a letter to Lena was found in his pocket.

As he had in Fort Worth, Sneed moved quickly toward the protection of the jail. A bystander asked him what the commotion was. "Oh nothing," replied Sneed. "I have got him." Nearing the jail he called out to a lawman that he was in a hurry to get inside. There he surrendered his shotgun and a pair of Colt .45s. Soon, Al's brothers were on the streets with Winchesters.

Sneed waited for bail as stories of the shooting zipped across the wires. The *Amarillo Daily Panhandle* printed several hundred extra copies and still could not meet the demand. Investigators soon learned of Sneed's "accomplice," Beech Baxter Epting. Arrested near his home in Paducah, Epting was returned to Amarillo. John Beal Sneed's second trial for killing Colonel Boyce (the first, in February, was suspended and postponed) began in Fort Worth in November, 1912. Knowing it would be difficult to find jurors unfamiliar with the widely publicized case (described by one journalist as "peculiar and sensational"), the judge said to the first seven jurors selected, "If anyone talks to you of the Sneed case, spit in his eye and knock him down. If you are arrested, I will get you out on habeas corpus." Noting that emotions would be running high during the trial, the judge also took steps to disarm courtroom observers, albeit rather informally. "It will be some ten minutes before the case is taken up," he announced from the bench, "so everybody will have a decent chance to ease out of the courtroom without going for the specific purpose of disarming himself."

The Boyce family engaged Willmot Mitchell "Senator" Odell of Cleburne and some of the state's other best attorneys to assist the prosecution. "I ask you gentlemen to administer justice to this man," stated the lead prosecutor, "and if you do, you will break his neck." The defense positioned its own battalion of highly-paid counsel, claiming that Colonel Boyce had conspired with his son to break up the Sneed marriage and that the law gave Sneed the right to protect his home. Furthermore, alleged the defense, Colonel Boyce had made insulting remarks about Lena Sneed. When the jury returned a verdict of not guilty, the outraged judge publicly condemned the decision.

Beech Epting's trial was held in Memphis, Texas, in January 1913. Prospective jurors were asked if they were familiar with the "unwritten law," a legendary chapter of Texas jurisprudence that allowed an offended

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husband to take the life of a man for seducing his wife. Most of the trial focused on Sneed's guilt or innocence, but some consideration was paid to the extent of Epting's knowledge of Sneed's intentions. Epting testified that Sneed had asked him to serve as bodyguard on the trip, the purpose of which was to close down some business. The Sneed disguise was necessary to avoid notice by the Boyces, particularly Al. A jury composed of twelve farmers acquitted Epting.

Sneed's final trial, for killing Albert G. Boyce, Jr., began the following month in Vernon. Relatives of the defendant testified to having seen Al's letters to Lena, describing his failed assassination efforts on the trains. Colonel Boyce's widow testified that she and her husband had tried to control Al, Jr., but that Lena's hold on him was too strong.

An Amarillo doctor testified that he had examined Mrs. Sneed in 1911 and found her suffering from nervous disorders. He advised Sneed that if he did not take her to a lower altitude, she would become insane. A Dallas doctor said on the stand that moral insanity began with Adam and Eve but had only been treated as a clinical condition since about 1900. He estimated that eight percent of the world's population suffered from moral insanity.

Lena's father, Captain Tom Snyder, who had known Colonel Boyce since 1858, was greatly distressed by the events. The elderly cattleman wept on the stand and said he could have "shot down like a yellow dog" any man who had brought this kind of trouble into his family.

Beal Sneed was on the stand a total of seven hours and forty minutes. He recounted the entire story, claiming that he was driven to madness upon discovering that the entire Boyce family was conspiring to destroy his home. He told of searching for his wife after she disappeared from Fort Worth, and he detailed his belief that the Boyces had plotted to steal Lena and kill him.

After bringing his wife back from Canada, Sneed testified, he moved from place to place in Texas, trying to find a location where the family would be left alone. However, he claimed, they were followed everywhere by Boyce or his agents. Finally, deciding that he or Al must die, he made the trip to Amarillo. Waiting there in the shotgun house on Polk Street, his mind and emotions were unable to shake the misery of the past year. "I brooded over it night and day, and always will for that matter. Then I saw him coming along there, and of course I just rushed out and killed him."

When the Vernon jury returned a not guilty verdict on February 26, Sneed had utilized the "unwritten law" more extensively perhaps than anyone in Texas. Both families resolved to put the unpleasantness behind them and the all-out feud anticipated by some never developed.

Sneed lived on until 1960, when he died at the age of eighty-two, a retired investor and oil man living in Dallas. His obituary did not mention the events of 1911–12, nor is it clear whether he and Lena reconciled. His expression in the photograph that ran with his obituary, however, is one of sadness.

Courtesy of Billie Jo Fowler

At the Epting trial in Memphis, Texas, January 1913: Beech Baxter Epting and Captain Tom L. Epting are at far right. John Beal Sneed is seated at center in black hat. Captain Snyder is to his right. Others are Sneed's lawyers and relatives.

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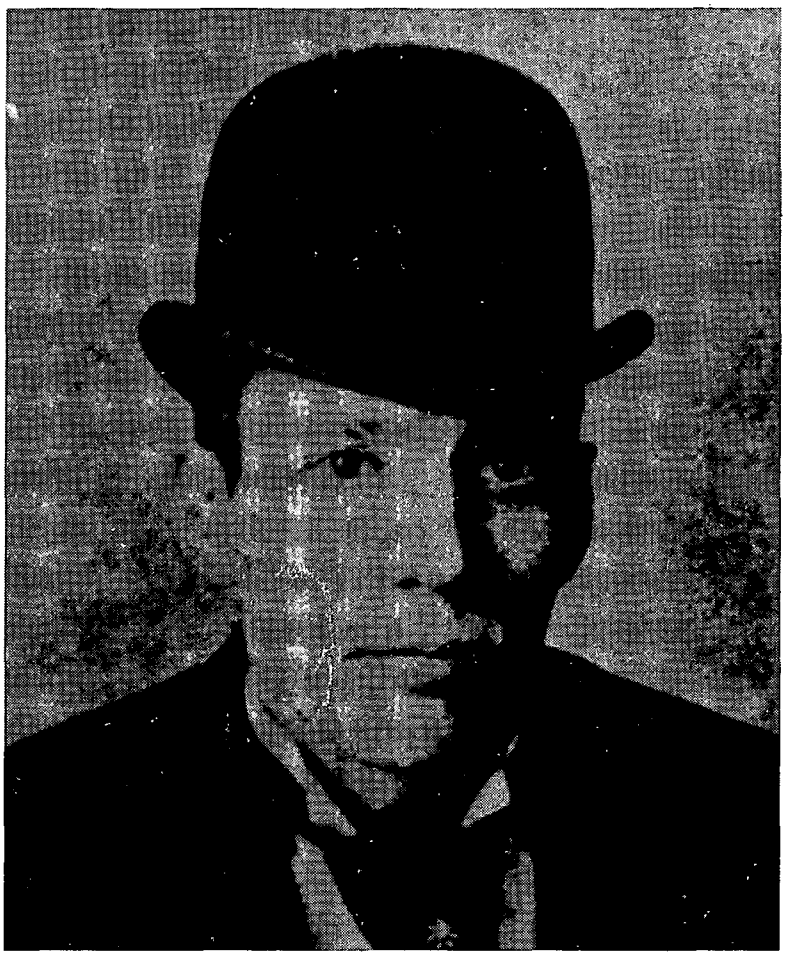
MARION HEDGEPETH



Courtesy of Pinkertons, Inc.

The Derby Hat Outlaw

By ROY O'DELL

Marion Hedgepeth was one of the most underrated and desperate outlaws to plague the state of Missouri. In his day, his misdeeds were surpassed only by those of Frank and Jesse James. Today, however, he is almost forgotten.

Marion C. Hedgepeth was born October 13, 1865, on a small hog ranch in Prairie Home Township, near Pisgah, Cooper County, Missouri. He was the only son of John Henry and Sarah Ann Hedgepeth. Although some believe that he left home at sixteen, had cowboyed in Wyoming, was a holdup man in Colorado and a killer in both states, in reality he did none of those things. Young Marion had a reputation as a dangerous man to cross, nonetheless. He was said to handle a gun with great skill and speed. He often appeared around Kansas City in the company of petty thieves and hardened criminals, building his own reputation along the way. So it came as no surprise that sooner or later he would run afoul of the law.

During the summer of 1881, he was arrested on a charge of larceny and placed in the Cooper County jail. Still short of his sixteenth birthday, he was an accomplished safecracker, as the San Francisco *Morning Call*, reported February 11, 1892:

> We have been looking for Hedspeth [sic] for over a year for a job he did at Tuscumbia, Mo. He and a safeblower named Cady opened a safe there and got about $1,400. Hedspeth and Cady were stopping with J. M. Officer, one of the gang who lives at Bonner Springs, about twenty miles west of Kansas City, on the Union Pacific. Last summer Cady, while drilling a safe in a small town in Kansas was shot and killed. Hedspeth was with him and got away. Later, Officer was sent up from Springfield for fifteen years.

Young Marion was a troublesome prisoner as the August 24, 1883, Boonville *Weekly Advertiser* reported:

> Last Tuesday [August 22] morning at an early hour the news that four prisoners had made their escape from the jail was soon known over town, and at all available points reached by the telegraph. There were in the jail at the time eight prisoners, four of whom refused to go out, but were intimidated from giving any alarm.
>
> The four who made their escape are George Lindset, who is an Ohio man, and was put in for forgery; Elias Smith, who was very recently brought from Pilot Grove, (within the past two weeks) where he had been bound over by Justice Owen Williams on a charge of stealing fifteen sacks of wheat from Obe Keukleban, which he sold to Ellis Bros. The other two are Marion Hedgepeth and Henry Sanders, who were put in jail about two years ago from Prairie Home Township for some petty theft. They will be better known as two prisoners, who over a year ago knocked down Deputy Sheriff L.L. Williams, and were run down and caught about a mile and a half from town.

Hedgepeth's freedom was cut short on September 30, when he was recaptured, desperate and armed with two six-shooters, in Miller County and brought back to jail. On November 15, 1883, Hedgepeth was charged with larceny and jail-breaking, and sentenced to serve seven years in the Missouri state penitentiary at Jefferson City. He finally saw the light of day after serving more than three-quarters of his sentence when he was discharged February 16, 1889.

Upon his release Hedgepeth went to work on his parents' farm near Pisgah, Cooper County. He soon tired of that and drifted in and out of various jobs. While working for the Provincial Life Insurance Company in St. Joseph, he met Maggie Graham.

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They were married in Atchison, Kansas, on February 12, 1890. Shortly after the wedding, Hedgepeth and his new wife traveled to Los Angeles, where they opened a restaurant which they maintained about five months. They next drifted to San Francisco for a short stay, then returned to St. Joseph, then to Pisgah, to St. Louis, and on to Kansas City. By December 3 they were back in California.

On August 31, 1891, Deputy Sheriff P.J. Keller, attending the race at the Oakland racetrack, arrested two shell-game swindlers, one a tall man whom he believed to be Hedgepeth, the other a small man he thought to be Adelbert Slye, Maggie Hedgepeth's brother-in-law. On the way to the Alameda County jail they told Keller they had $10,000 from a haul in Hartford and offered him a large sum to let them go.

Without ado he cornered the clerks with a pair of revolvers and gruffly ordered them to open the safe.

Keller had noticed that the taller man carried an open-faced watch such as had been stolen from a Mr. Ward, of the Log Cabin Bakery. The prisoners were handed over to Jailer Schroeder. There, the tall man gave his name as John Wilson, an alias of Hedgepeth's, and the short man gave his name as Graham.

Keller then telephoned to Ward to come to the jail and identify the watch. Together they went to the jail at about seven o'clock. To their surprise they found that Schroeder had released the two suspects on fifteen dollars bail each. Schroeder was later discharged for almost certainly taking a substantial back-hander, on that occasion and several others.

Hedgepeth next turned up in Omaha, Nebraska, with Slye. In Omaha he recruited two seasoned robbers, Lucius Richard Wilson, better known as "Dink" Wilson, and James C. Francis, to commit bigger and bolder robberies. Now known as the "Hedgepeth Four," the gang already was making plans. In the west end of Omaha stood what was known as the Omaha streetcar barn. The barn was a sort of cleaning house, with a huge safe in one corner. In the back of the safe was a small slot where conductors deposited their collection envelopes along with a statement of the day's work. Two clerks were generally present, and such was the case on a mid-October day in 1891.

Thieves blew another safe at the post office in Carondelet, Illinois, and another at the Sloan State Bank at Sloan, Iowa, where the gang netted $5,000. But that was chicken-feed compared to what happened on November 30, 1891, a day that rocked Missouri.

The clerks were busily adding columns of figures when, at about 3:00 p.m., a man wearing a heavy cast and holding his hands crossed before him entered. Without ado he cornered the clerks with a pair of revolvers and gruffly ordered them to open the safe. When they told him they could not open it, he placed them in the corner, then called to two companions who walked in, unconcernedly drilled a hole in the safe door, filled it with powder and blew it off. By this act of daring in broad daylight, the gang secured $800.

With growing confidence, the new gang next tried their luck at train robbery. The November 5, 1891, Omaha *Morning Bee* reported that they held up the Missouri Pacific Express on November 4, 1891:

> The Missouri Pacific express train No. 2, which left Webster street depot in Omaha, on Wednesday night at 9:30, for Kansas City, made a regular stop at West Side twenty-five minutes later, and shortly after was stopped again, at the Elkhorn Crossing, about twelve miles from this city, where the express car was broken into and robbed. Several masked men took possession of the train, robbed the express car and then fled into the night.

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"Several masked men took possession of the train, robbed the express car and then fled into the night."

Detectives believed the robbery was the work of the same organized gang that robbed the Kansas City barn office of the Metropolitan Street Railroad Company, a St. Joseph hotel, the Ames Avenue barn of the Omaha Street Railway, and the bank at Homer, Nebraska. The authorities had no further clues to the perpetrators' identities. They were dealt another blow when they learned another train robbery had occurred on November 12, this time near Racine, Wisconsin. As reported by the Milwaukee *Journal* on Thursday, November 12, 1891, it bore the hallmarks of the same gang.

> An express train on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul road enroute for Milwaukee and the northwest, was held up by train-robbers about a mile this side of Western Union Junction, and the express car was dynamited and robbed. The sum secured was not large.

Within the next several days, a spate of robberies was credited to the Hedgepeth gang. Three post office safes were blown, all in one week in St. Louis. Thieves blew another safe at the post office in Carondelet, Illinois, and another at the Sloan State Bank at Sloan, Iowa, where the gang netted $5,000. But that was chicken-feed compared to what happened on November 30, 1891, a day that rocked Missouri. That day one of the period's most celebrated robberies occurred at Glendale. The St. Louis *Post Dispatch* of December 1, 1891, reported:

> A bold and successful train robbery took place on the St. Louis & San Francisco road at Glendale, about twenty miles out from the city, [St. Louis suburb of Glendale, not to be confused with the Kansas City suburb of Glendale at the other side of the state] shortly before 10: o'clock last night.
>
> The robbers had their plans well laid, and they escaped with money and valuables to the amount of $75,000. The Adams Express Co. was the victim, and from the manner in which the robbers worked it was evident that their plan was to make a clean sweep of the express car. They used dynamite to get into the car and in getting into the safe they found it necessary to use force on Messenger John P. Mulrennan, who had charge of the coach. After securing the contents of the safe and the messenger's gold watch, the robbers took to the bluffs in the neighborhood of Glendale Station.

The authorities, including the Pinkertons, who had been retained by the Adams Express Company, were soon on the scene but admitted they had no clues to who had committed the robbery. Belief was growing that the amount stolen would exceed the sum first thought to be from $75,000 to $125,000.

Hedgepeth's gang had moved quickly after the robbery, splitting up the cash in the early morning and going their separate ways. Wilson took himself to parts unknown, while Francis took the 8:20 p.m. Missouri Pacific train back to Kansas City, which was rather ungrateful, all things considered.

Slye took an 8:45 train to Kansas City. From there he went to St. Joseph to spend ten days with his wife before making his way by train to the Pacific Coast. To confuse any pursuers he broke his journey at Atchison, Kansas, where he bought a ticket to San Francisco. He got off at Barstow,

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California, and went to Los Angeles. There he bought himself a saloon for $1,500 and settled down to enjoy the life of a retired train robber.

Marion and Maggie Hedgepeth also headed for Los Angeles, but by a different route. On December 2 or 3 they left St. Louis by the Wabash train to Denver, Colorado. From Denver they took the Burlington train to Ogden, Utah, and then the Union Pacific to San Francisco.

Detectives who for so long had failed to turn up new clues to the robbers' identities finally got a break on December 6. A St. Louis criminal named Michael (Brocky) Maguire had been arrested for shooting his runaway wife in Chicago. Under questioning he evidently revealed not only the address of the gang's headquarters—a three room cottage at 4244 Swan Avenue—but the names of the train robbers as well.

A SQUAD of detectives led by St. Louis Chief of Detectives William Desmond went to the cottage and, according to the February 11, 1892, St. Louis *Globe Democrat*, found "some startling information," which led them to Kansas City, on to Omaha, through numberless towns of Kansas, thence to Salt Lake City, and finally to California.

Detectives tracked down the carriers who had moved the baggage all the way to Los Angeles. The California link having been established, the police there were brought into the case and the post office was asked to keep an eye open for certain letters and packages. Detectives continued the search and were finally rewarded for their efforts on Saturday, December 26, 1891, when Adelbert Slye, alias saloon keeper A.S. Denton, went to the post office in Los Angeles. When he asked the clerk if there were any mail for him, she fumbled about a bit, then told him there might be something for him in the back. In fact she was going to notify the police. The San Francisco *Call* of December 31, 1891, reported that as Slye walked away from the window he was "seized by five great big fellows, who quickly bore me to the ground." When he was captured, Slye had $860 plus Messenger Mulrennan's gold watch. Officers found another $4,000 in his deposit account at the bank.

The following Monday, December 28, Maggie Hedgepeth was arrested when she inquired at an express office in San Francisco about some trunks being shipped from St. Louis. She and Slye were brought back to St. Louis to stand trial. Mrs. Hedgepeth was taken to Clayton, and on the motion of her attorneys she was released on $1,000 bond. On February 18, she arrived in St. Joseph and was driven straight to the home of her parents. This was possibly the last time she saw her husband; she would divorce him in the early 1900s.

Adelbert Slye went to trial at Clayton, on February 23, 1892. Judge Edwards took him to be a dangerous and hardened criminal and sentenced him to twenty years imprisonment.

Time had also run out for gang member James Francis. Instead of lying low after the Glendale robbery, he and a confederate named Charles Myers attempted to rob the southbound Missouri Pacific train near Lamar, Missouri, on January 23, 1892, with dire results. Francis was shot to death and Myers badly wounded, but not before Francis had shot and killed patrolman S.B. McLemore.

Meanwhile, the San Francisco police acquired copies of Marion Hedgepeth's photograph and the force gave each detective a copy, along with a detailed description.

Five officers were stationed at the general post office, night and day. The detail there consisted of Detectives Edward Byram, Silvey, "Scotty," Campbell, and Charles Cady. Detectives and other officers in plainclothes loitered about the corridor of the old post office building from the time the delivery windows opened until they closed.

Finally, about noon on Monday, February 10, a neatly dressed, smooth-faced young man ran up the steps from Washington Street and entered the main corridor. The officers at once recognized Marion Hedgepeth.

"That's our man," whispered one, and they all drew close to the delivery

Detective Byram grappled with Hedgpeth, pinioning his arms from behind. The other detectives rushed to help.

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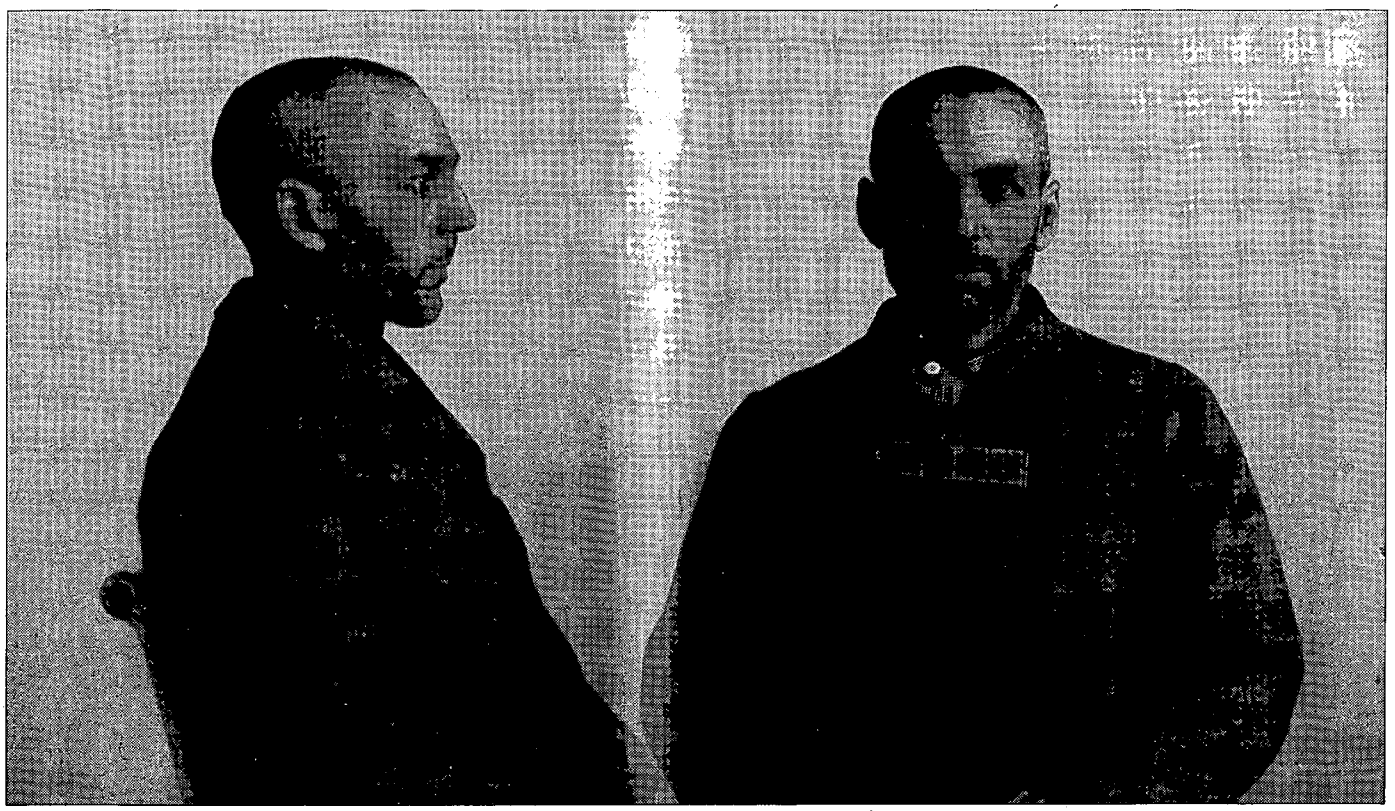

Courtesy of Paul Hedgepeth and Iowa State Penitentiary

On his arrival at the Iowa state penitentiary in 1908, Marion Hedgepeth was a shadow of the debonair outlaw he once had been.

window. Detective Byram, one of the coolest and bravest on the force, brushed up against Hedgepeth to determine if he was armed. Byram felt a pistol in the side pocket of the fugitive's fine blue overcoat. Hedgepeth felt the movement and started to one side as he thrust both hands in his overcoat pockets.

Byram grappled with him, pinioning his arms from behind. The other detectives rushed to his assistance. Two helped Byram while the rest drew their pistols and pressed cold steel against Hedgepeth's face. Against the overwhelming odds the captive fought desperately, and soon the whole corridor was crowded and in great commotion. During the struggle Hedgepeth hurled one of the officers against a window, smashing the glass to fragments. Then the five officers forced their prisoner into a janitor's room on the west side of the corridor and overpowered him.

After handcuffing him, the officers found two of the latest Smith and Wesson self-cocking, hammerless revolvers in the pockets of his overcoat. The big weapon in his right pocket was .44 caliber, the one in the left .38. At the chief of police's office, Hedgepeth's pockets were carefully searched. He had $800 in currency, (not $8,000, as some newspapers reported), $227.25 in coin, one diamond ring, a diamond stud, an opal ring, an amethyst stud, a plain gold ring, and a pair of burglar's nippers.

On February 11, Hedgepeth was put on the Overland train for St. Louis, in charge of Detectives Ross J. Whittaker and Byram. The prisoner wore handcuffs and an Oregon boot. The officers were heavily armed, and they warned Hedgepeth that they would kill him if he attempted to escape.

At 6:30 a.m., Tuesday, February 16, Marion Hedgepeth, alias Barry, alias Waterman, alias L.L. Williams, alias S.Y. Watts, arrived in St. Louis. Assistant Chief of Police Reedy, Chief of Detectives Desmond, Detectives Zeigler and Smith, Sergeant O'Malley, and a cordon of officers met the train. The robber was escorted at once to Four Courts jail and placed in his cell under twenty-four-hour guard.

The St. Louis County grand jury indicted Hedgepeth January 12, 1892, but he languished in his cell until Thursday, September 28, 1893, a year and a half after his capture, when he finally went on trial at St. Charles, Missouri. The St. Louis newspapers made hay of the trial:

> Marion Hedgepeth was tried yesterday [Sept. 28] at St. Charles for complicity in the Glendale train robbery, found guilty and sentenced to twenty-five years imprisonment.

Hedgepeth denounced the trial as "a farce, a farce, a farce." He gave notice of his intention to ask for a new trial. His motion was heard October 18, and a retrial was ordered. He was found guilty again, and made an appeal to the Supreme Court. Hedgepeth, however, would languish another year and more in the St. Louis jail before he knew the outcome.

With Hedgepeth and Slye both behind bars and Francis dead, the long notorious career of Lucius "Dink" Wilson, last of the "Hedgepeth Four" was coming to an untimely end. After the Glendale robbery Lucius and his younger brother, Charles, committed numerous other robberies and burglaries, mainly in the eastern states. Finally, on July 1, 1893, they were caught burglarizing a house at

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Syracuse, New York. In escaping they shot dead Detective James Harvey.

After the killing Lucius Wilson was chased through the streets and captured. Charles escaped, but on August 24, 1893, he was located and captured in Buffalo, New York.

The brothers were tried separately. Dink's trial was first, starting October 30. The case went to the jury at seven o'clock on Saturday evening, November 4. At 8:45 the next morning, the jury returned a verdict of guilty in the first degree. After various delays, including arguments for a new trial and other appeals, Dink Wilson went to his death in the electric chair in Auburn prison at 12:43 p.m., May 14, 1894.

Younger brother Charlie Wilson, alias George Calhoun, alias George Clay, and known in some quarters as "Boston Slim," went to trial before Justice Pardon C. Williams September 10, 1894.

The jury went out at 6:10 p.m., Saturday, September 22, and at 3:30 a.m. Sunday returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. On June 11, 1895, six days before Kid Wilson was to die for killing Jim Harvey, New York State Governor Levi P. Morton commuted his sentence to life imprisonment. Wilson was finally freed in 1922.

Meanwhile, Marion Hedgepeth was still jailed in St. Louis, awaiting the outcome of his appeal for a new trial. However, his stay there was not without incident. During July 1894, Hedgepeth briefly had a cell mate, a sinister looking swindler going by the alias of H.H. Holmes. Holmes eventually confided to Hedgepeth that he had pulled off a big insurance fraud and intended to murder his crooked partner, Benjamin F. Pitezel, in Philadelphia.

IN DUE COURSE Holmes was freed and killed Pitezel as he had said, rigging the death to look like the result of an accidental fire. Hoping to get his sentence reduced, Hedgepeth told authorities what he knew, which led to Holmes' capture. Holmes turned out to be a mass murderer named Herman Webster Mudgett and confessed to at least twenty-seven killings. Mudgett was hanged at Philadelphia's Moyamensing Prison on May 7, 1896.

If he expected to have his sentence reduced at his appeal, Hedgepeth was disappointed. On November 21, 1894, he entered the state prison at Jefferson City. In prison he accumulated a band of outside supporters, hailing him as a social benefactor for his unmasking of the notorious Holmes, and they campaigned hard for his release.

Tillotson was fully convinced of the badman's reformation and said so in writing to James McParland, manager of the Pinkertons' western division. Both McParland and George D. Bangs, general manager of the agency, expressed doubt and urged caution, but Tillotson brushed their warnings aside.

Finally after twelve years behind bars he was pardoned by Governor Charles Folk on July 4, 1906. Hedgepeth looked very old and tired, much of his hair now white, a far picture from his dashing youth. He claimed he was dying from consumption and only wanted to spend his last days with his mother. Like so many criminals, he ironically sought help from the man who had sent him to jail. He wrote to William A. Pinkerton in Chicago, on September 8, 1906:

> I thought I would drop you a few lines and see if you would and could give me any employment. I need not tell you I am shrewd and clever and intelligent but I want to tell you that all promises I make I keep them if possible, and if you can consistently give me employment, I will do all in my power to earn whatever you will pay me.
>
> If you will give me employment I will work at anything or anywhere that you direct, but as I have not yet entirely recovered my health, if you have work you could give me in the southwest or some healthy climate, I will appreciate your kindness of heart most gratefully.....

He gave his address as R.F.D. Apt. 1, Prairie Cooper, Missouri. On September 13, Pinkerton answered:

> I note that you say about being desirous of obtaining employment at something, but at this distance I cannot tell you definitely whether we can make use of you or not. If you are in the vicinity of Kansas City and care to go there and see our manager, F.H. Tillotson, whose address is 622 Main Street, it is possible he may be able to do something for you in the way of furnishing you with something to do. At any rate I would be willing to have you go there at our expense, and if no satisfactory arrangement is reached between you and Mr. Tillotson, we will pay your expenses back to your home. I do not know just when I will be in the West and I take this means of replying. I should not want anybody to know that you had made application for employment.
>
> You have a considerable knowledge of hobo or yegg burglars that might be utilized by us. I do not want anybody to know for whom you work, for, should it become known that you were identified with us, your use would be destroyed.

Hedgepeth went to Kansas City in October. Tillotson was fully convinced of the badman's reformation and said so in writing to James McParland, manager of the Pinkertons' western division. Both McParland and George D. Bangs, general manager of the agency, expressed doubt and urged caution, but Tillotson brushed their warnings aside, insisting that the man was trustworthy.

Then, on September 1, 1907, using the alias of James C. Clark, Hedgepeth and William P. Jackson blew a safe at Council Bluffs, Iowa. An Omaha dispatch dated September 2, reported, "James Clark, who with W.P. Jackson of St. Louis, was arrested by Detectives Deversee and Heitfield, of Omaha, on suspicion of safe-blowing, has been identified as Marion Hedgepeth, who is alleged to be one of the best known criminals in the United States."

Hedgepeth was tried at Council Bluffs, Iowa, beginning November 25, 1907. The guilty verdict was returned on November 26. A retrial was held on

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While Hedgepeth kept the men covered, Attreson quickly searched their pockets.

Seeing that his companion's weapon was empty, Hedgepeth lunged at Decker, but patron Edward J. Burek knocked him sprawling to the floor. Before Hedgepeth could regain his feet, Decker fired two rounds at Attreson. One hit the wall; the other struck the bandit between the eyes.

January 27, 1908, and the verdict, again guilty, was given on January 29.

Marion Hedgepeth entered the state penitentiary at Fort Madison, Iowa, on March 18, 1908. He was released April 13, 1909.

Little was heard of him until December 31, 1909, when two bandits were shot while attempting a saloon stick-up. Using the alias Edward Heywood, Hedgepeth, along with Arthur Attreson, entered the saloon of Louis J. Novak at 3934 West Sixteenth Street in Chicago, Illinois. Bartender Charles Mueller was the first to notice them as they swung open the doors. Both wore masks and carried revolvers.

"Just get in line boys," called the leader as he swept his weapon in front of him. "This is no New Year's greeting, for I'm sure of my man when I pull the trigger."

Novak warned his patrons not to resist, and they stepped back from the bar and lined up against the wall, holding their hands high above their heads. While Hedgepeth kept them covered, Attreson quickly searched their pockets. After taking all their money, he turned his attention to the cash register. Just then Patrolman Henry Decker rushed in with gun in hand.

Decker had been notified by a man who managed to escape from the saloon. He fired a bullet over the robbers' heads and ordered, "Up with your hands!"

The bandits turned on him and Attreson fired three quick shots. The bullets went wild, embedding themselves in the wall behind the policeman. Seeing that his companion's weapon was empty, Hedgepeth lunged at Decker, but patron Edward J. Burek knocked him sprawling to the floor. Before Hedgepeth could regain his feet, Decker fired two rounds at Attreson. One hit the wall; the other struck the bandit between the eyes, exiting behind his left ear. Attreson fell unconscious to the floor and his revolver dropped from his hand. Decker picked it up and handed it to Burek. The two of them then started in pursuit of Hedgepeth, who had dashed out the side door.

Decker ordered Hedgepeth to halt. Instead Hedgepeth turned and fired. Burek, who was loading his gun on the run, returned fire. His first shot struck the fleeing thief between eyes. Hedgepeth fell to the ground unconscious. He was taken to St. Anthony's Hospital, where he died at eleven o'clock that evening.

Attreson also was taken to the hospital, where he later died. Pinkerton's Assistant Superintendent E.J. Weiss identified both bodies a couple days later. Marion Hedgepeth was buried in the Dunning cemetery on February 7, 1910.

William A. Pinkerton, who habitually wrote neat obituaries for criminals, eulogized Marion Hedgepeth, one of the country's greatest but least known train robbers. "With the death of Marion Hedgepeth passed one of the really bad men of the old west. He was one of the worst characters I ever heard of. He was a bad man clear through."

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Kanab, Utah, and the Kingdom of God

By JANET FARNSWORTH

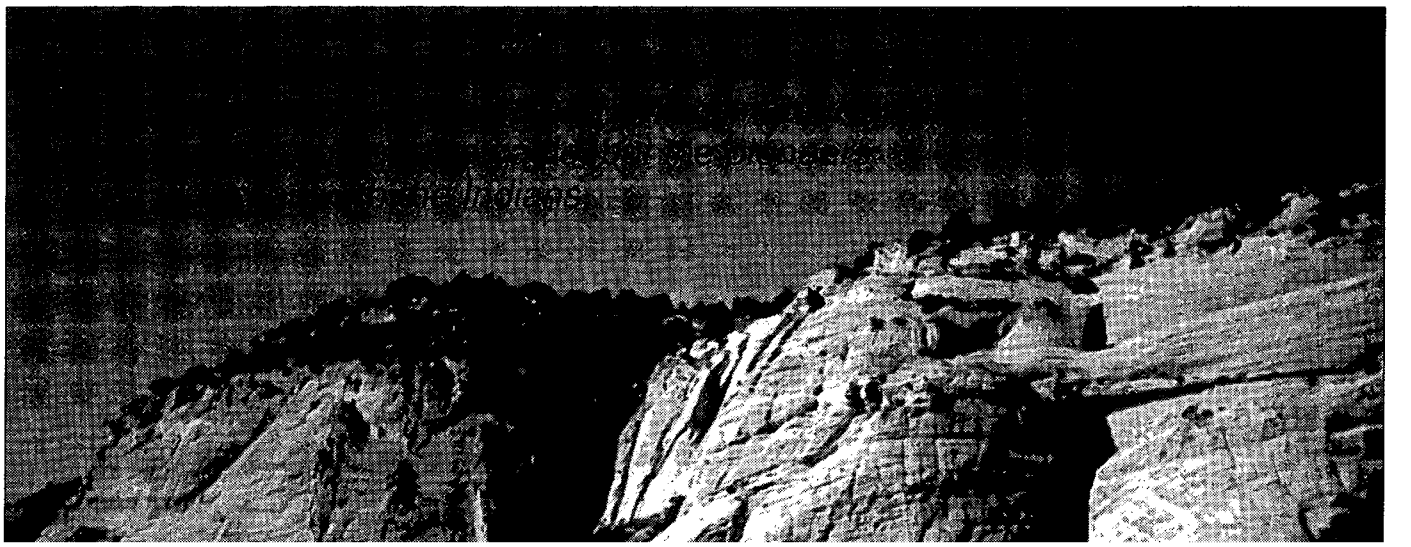
Nestled snugly among coral cliffs along the Arizona-Utah border, Kanab, Utah, bills itself as "The Greatest Earth on Show," Beautiful vistas, however, are not Kanab's only attraction. This small town of around 4,000 boasts a history as colorful as its multi-hued landscape.

Settled by Mormons in 1858, Kanab was part of Brigham Young's plan to expand the Mormon empire throughout the Southwest. Young envisioned a state of "Deseret," which would cover nearly one sixth of the United States. The large state would include what is now Arizona and Utah, parts of Nevada, Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, and New Mexico, with a seaport at San Diego, California.

Congress had different plans for the West and rejected the idea of Deseret. Young was granted the much smaller Utah Territory, which included present Utah, portions of Wyoming and Colorado, and most of Nevada.

Young set out to make his "Kingdom of God" as self-sufficient as possible. Each settlement was to contribute to the general welfare of the church. Kanab's niche in the grand plan was cattle raising. With its clear running stream and mild climate, Kanab was an ideal spot to raise cattle, but the pioneers failed to reckon with the Indians. The Native Americans had occupied the area for centuries and were not eager to share their lush oasis with the Mormons or their cattle.

Indian attacks repeatedly drove out the Mormons who tried to settle along the creek banks. Young sent Jacob Hamblin, a Mormon missionary,



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Richard Farnsworth Photo

Now known as Heritage House, this stately structure was the residence of the first of Thomas Chamberlain's six wives and seven of his fifty-five children.

A fire broke out in one room of the fort where six of Bishop Levi Stewart's sons were sleeping. Margery Stewart, mother of three of the boys, and Eke Stout rushed into the burning room to rescue the boys. Stout, with his own clothing ablaze, managed to bring out one of the small boys.

explorer, and peacemaker, to negotiate a treaty. Hamblin, known as the "Buckskin Apostle," was uniquely qualified for the job. While on an expedition against the Tooele Indians in 1853, Hamblin claimed to have received spiritual inspiration designating him a messenger of peace. According to Hamblin, he was told that "if he took not the blood of this remnant of Israel, by them he would not die." His faith in this divine promise was so strong that he went among the Indians of the Southwest fearlessly.

Hamblin tried to work out an agreement that was equitable to both the Indians and the Mormon settlers. He later wrote:

> Many of the pioneers did not realize the situation the friendly Indians were made to suffer. Those that were unfriendly raided the settlements and drove off hundreds of head of cattle, horses, and mules. Many of the Indians who had at first been friendly went back to the old ways of raiding and stealing. This caused our people also to manifest hostility towards the red man.

Several attempts to resettle Kanab met with little success. The settlers suffered from cold winters and scarlet fever as well as from the Indian atrocities. The persistent pioneers withdrew and, when negotiations with the Indians were going well, returned several times. In 1865, they started building a small fort under under Hamblin's direction. By 1870 a permanent town existed.

The fort was built in typical stockade style with rows of close-fitting log cabins on the east and west connected by walls of cedar posts on the north and south. The cabins' log walls were chinked in mud, and their roofs were made of willows with a thick layer of mud on top. The cabin floors were mainly dirt, though a few lucky ones had floors of closely fitted flat rocks.

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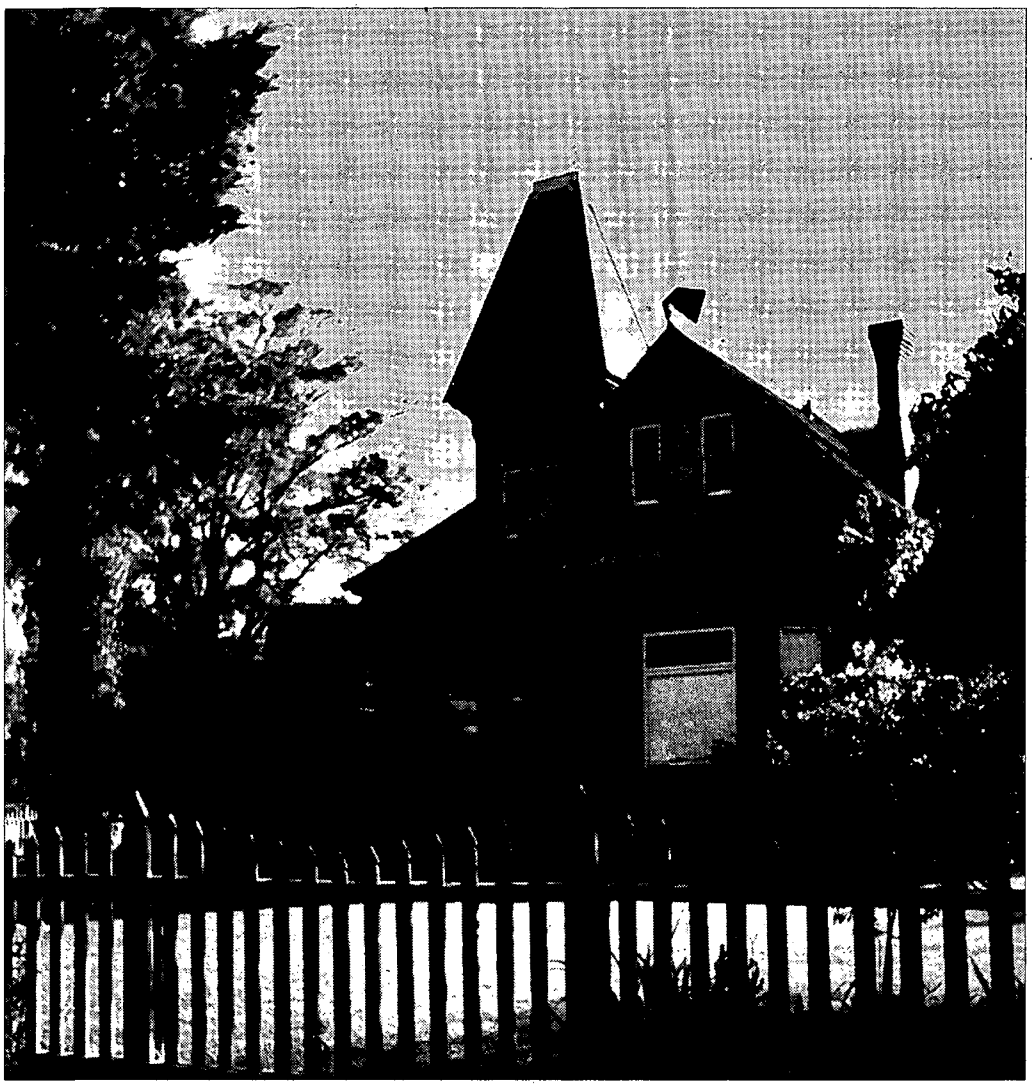

Richard Farnsworth Photo

Kanab's pride in its pioneer past is evident in Heritage House.

One pioneer said, "When it rained water outside, it often rained mud inside."

Hamblin and Major John Wesley Powell, the Grand Canyon explorer, continued peace talks with the Indians, trying to work out the details of a treaty. Meanwhile, tragedy took a different form at Kanab.

On December 14, 1870, a fire broke out in one room of the fort where six of Bishop Levi Stewart's sons were sleeping. Margery Stewart, mother of three of the boys, and Eke Stout rushed into the burning room to rescue the boys. Stout, with his own clothing ablaze, managed to bring out one of the small boys, but Margery and the other five boys were still in the room when turpentine and kerosene stored at the fort exploded, killing all six.

The settlers were anxious to move outside the crowded fort. In 1870, Brigham Young directed Jesse Fox to survey and lay out a town. Kanab was to be "one mile square with thirty-two rod square blocks and six-rod-wide streets, intersecting at right angles." Like other Mormon towns throughout the West, Kanab developed an irrigation system, crops, orchards, and gardens.

KANAB HAD GROWN to 261 residents by 1874 when Brigham Young introduced the principles of the United Order. The order was a communal system with everyone sharing in the labor and the profits. The United States had just been through an economic panic, and Young wanted to protect Utah's small towns from future financial troubles. He proclaimed, "Our object is to labor for the benefit of the group and retrench in our expenditures, to be prudent and economical, to study well the necessities of the community and to pass by its many useless wants, to study to secure life, health, wealth and union."

Most of the property, finances, and livestock in Kanab came under the control of the church. The minutes of the order revealed, "The lot upon which a person lives shall be for the use of the family with the privilege of one day each week to attend to it and that day stated by the superintendent."

Another entry in the minutes explained, "We only have business with the men and leave the families alone for each man to manage, letting each family have a cow, chickens, pigs; and the women can get their trinkets with eggs and butter, and take the labor off the hands of the Board."

AT FIRST the United Order was an idyllic way of life, but contention soon surfaced. E.K. Judd reported, "It was said that there was only five cents difference between the man that worked and the man that idled, and the man that idled generally had the five cents for he was always home and knew when anything was brought into the treasury and would call for the first and best."

The Settlers dissolved the order after four years and made a general settlement. Now each family had their own farm land, garden, and orchards. They grew not only fruits and vegetables, but herbs to doctor all manner of illnesses. Rachel Woolley Dalley reported her experiences with her mother's cures. "Here is a remedy Mother insisted on. She always saved the inner lining of the chicken's gizzard, put it up to dry; then if I ever complained of indigestion, she would pulverize this dry skin, mix it with sugar and try to persuade me to swallow it. I endured many sharp pains without complaining.

"I mustn't forget the onion poultices on the soles of the feet to draw the fever down from the head. Then there was the live frog split down the belly and placed on the throat of a child dying with diphtheria. There was the woolen string tied around the

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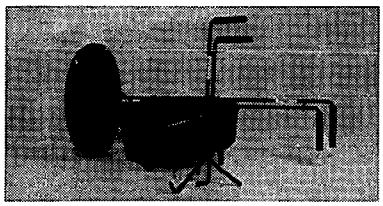

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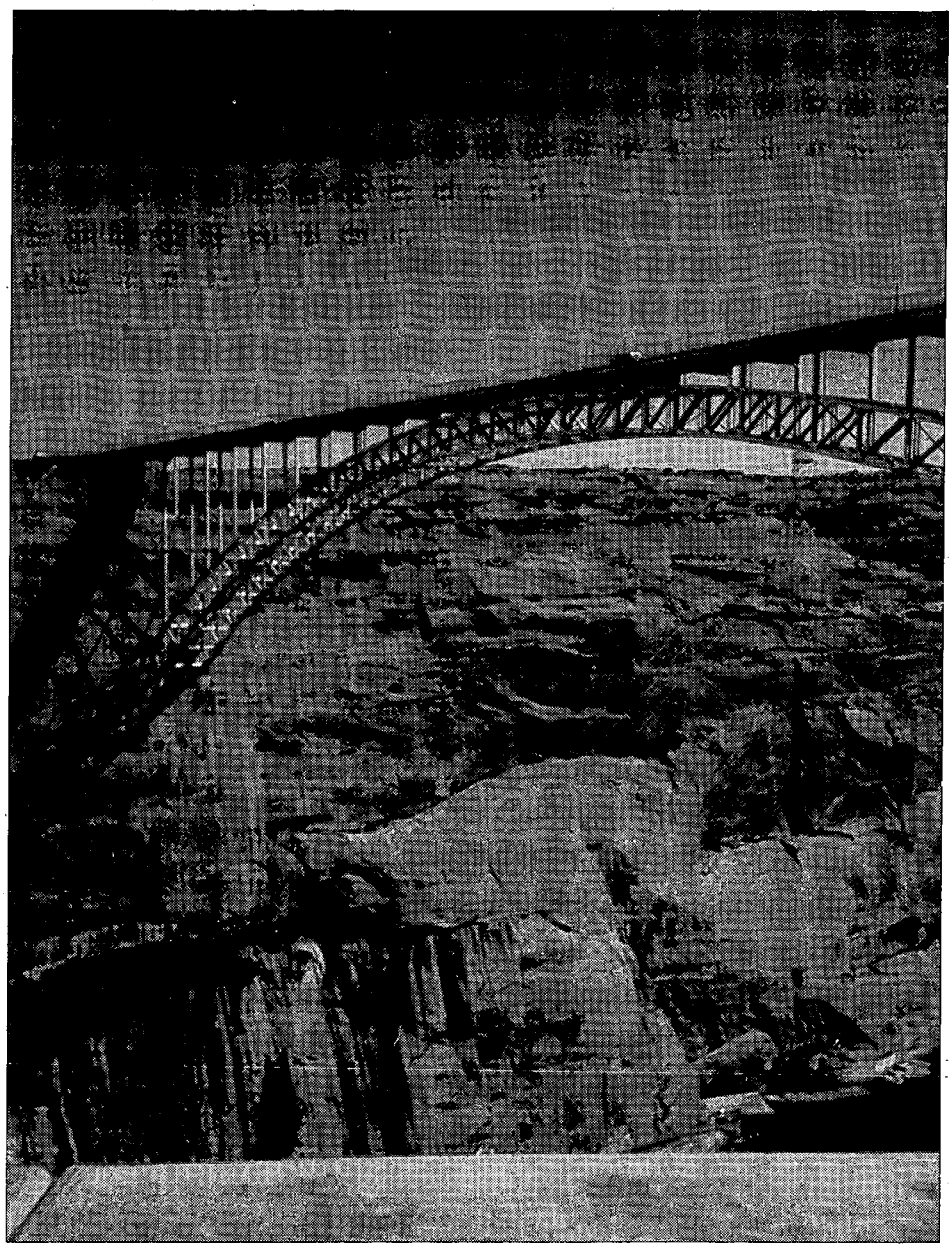

Richard Farnsworth Photo

Tourists find Kanab a convenient starting point for driving to this breath-taking bridge at Page, Arizona.

neck to keep the mumps from 'going down.'"

Some citizens in Kanab practiced polygamy, which was sanctioned by the Mormon Church at that time. A survey in 1874 showed that one-quarter of the Kanab families were polygamous. Polygamy was against the law and federal marshals arrested many men who were practicing plural marriage. An "underground" network evolved to conceal the men. Many fathers served prison terms rather than dismantle their large families.

Thomas Chamberlain was one of the residents who served six months in the Utah state penitentiary for "cohabitation." He had six wives and fifty-five children and spent many years hiding in the underground. Since it was difficult for a family the size of Chamberlain's to live in just one home, Chamberlain moved his first wife, Eleanor, and their seven children into a house purchased from Henry Bowman. Today his home, now called the Heritage House, at the corner of Main and 100 South, has been restored to its original 1894 gingerbread trim and gables. Tours run weekdays from 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., and a walking tour map of Kanab is available there.

Although many Easterners equated polygamy with the slavery of women, in 1912 Kanab had the distinction of

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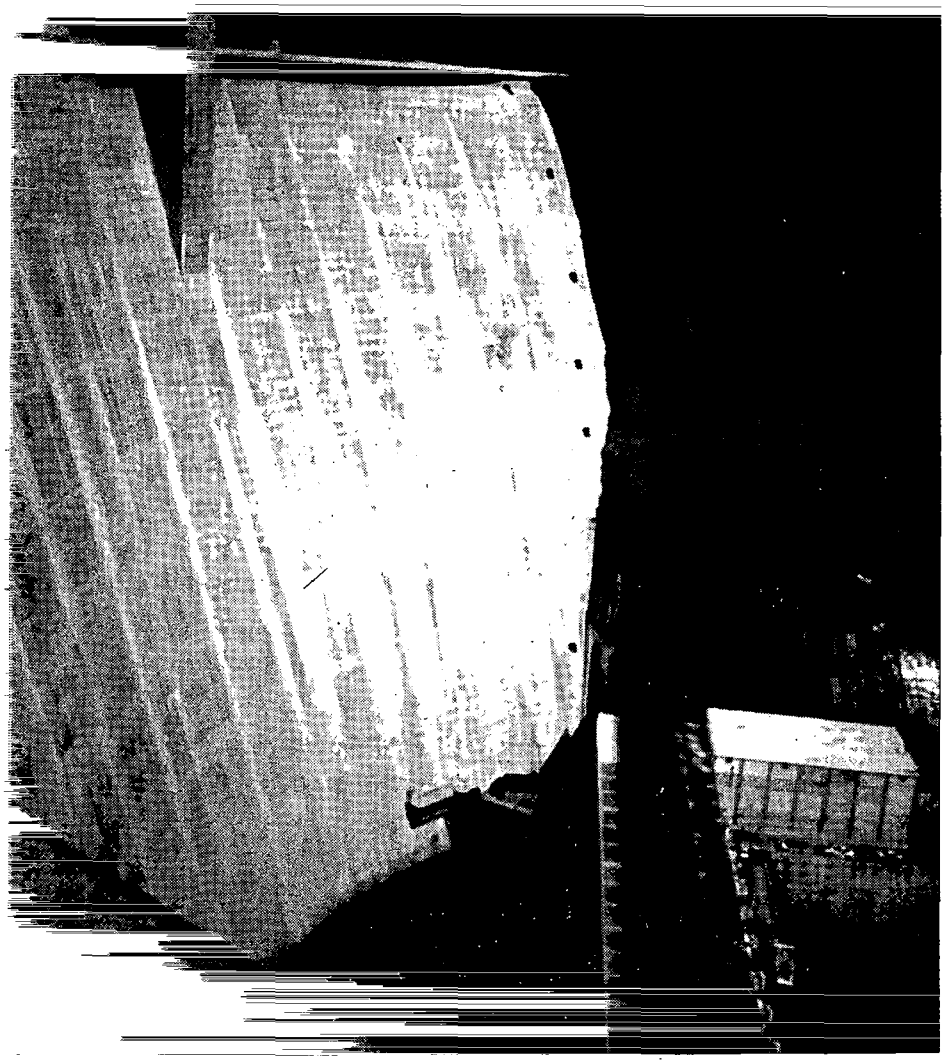
being the first incorporated town in America to have a woman mayor and an all female town council.

The all female government passed resolutions to keep horses and cattle off the sidewalks and streets. They charged a fine of twenty-five cents a head for loose livestock caught in town. Kanab residents were also penalized if they allowed waste water to run down the streets, and the council also outlawed pitching nickels.

During the 1920s, America developed a love affair with motion pictures. Kanab, with its rugged beauty and genuine western look, became the backdrop for hundreds of film projects, including more than ninety major motion pictures. Today, Kanab's economy is boosted by visitors who find the town a central starting point to nearby Zion and Grand Canyon national parks, Lake Powell, and the magnificent red-rock scenery of southern Utah.



Richard Farnsworth Photo

The Glen Canyon Dam at Page, Arizona, is among the many scenic spots easily reached from Kanab.

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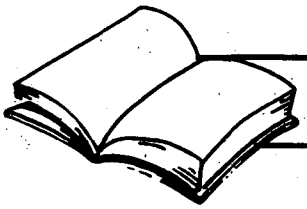

REVIEWS

The West Illustrated

The American West in the Nineteenth Century, by John Grafton. (Dover Publications, Inc., 31 East 2nd Street, Mineola, New York 11501. $10.95 paper bound).

Most of the major news magazines of the mid-nineteenth century had correspondent-artists, such as Winslow Homer and Alfred R. Waud, covering the Civil War, but many other rapid-fire draftsmen had already been reporting on happenings out west, such as the Gold Rush in California. The end of the war sparked renewed interest in the expanding frontier, both from prospective settlers and countless Easterners who yearned to know what was happening beyond the wide Missouri.

Two publications in particular were more than pleased to meet readers' interests. The first, *Harper's Weekly*, founded by four brothers, John, James, Wesley, and Fletcher, had flourished during the war and after that conflict devoted its pages to the on-the-spot drawings of the veteran Waud as well as those fearless knights of the pencil Paul Frenzeny and Jules Tavernier. Later the military correspondent R.F. Zogbaum caught Indian Wars highlights while the great Frederic Remington contributed his impressions of the campaigns against Geronimo in the 1880s.

The Harpers' important rival, *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, had also covered the Civil War, and then plunged ahead with its own slant on nineteenth century western life.

As Grafton writes, Leslie was a true entrepreneur. Born in England in 1821 he worked as a wood-engraver on the *Illustrated London News* before going to Boston to work on *Gleason's Pictorial*. When he was ready to buck *Harper's*, his editorial slant was a bit more unbuttoned and raffish but, true to his wood-engraver origins, he had an eye for quality and craftsmanship (although most of his magazine's illustrations seem to have been redrawn from photographs).

The American West in the Nineteenth Century includes 255 illustrations from both *Harper's* and *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*. It offers a graphic, sometimes hair-raising view of the nation's western expansion.

An editorial essay precedes each section of the volume, and fact-filled captions describe each illustration. And what illustrations! They include Indians on the warpath, cowboys hurrahing a town, stormlashed stampedes, thundering mountain landslides, the roaring fury of a prairie fire, train robberies, stand-up gunfights, lynchings, and high-stacked locomotives bucking frigid winter avalanches.

No matter where readers turn in this big book, they are in for an unforgettable, truly firsthand look at the West that *was*.—*Bill Garwood, Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania.*

Cody Documentary

Buffalo Bill and His Wild West, from "The Real West" video library. (Columbia House, 51 West 52nd Street, New York, New York 10019-6165. $19.95.)

There could be no better beginning to a video library (or any other kind of library on the American West) than the story of William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody. Cody's life (1846–1917) bracketed the West's heyday, and he came to symbolize the West more than anyone else. This beautifully packaged version of the popular A&E cable network series, produced by Greystone Communications, is a slick forty-five-minute combination of still pictures, rare films, authoritative commentary, excellent production values, and good scripting—the very combination which made Ken Burns' "Civil War" series a landmark in documentary film-making.

The video includes all of Cody's unparalleled story, albeit in brief flashes of image and word. The program recounts Cody's Iowa birth and Kansas frontier days, his Pony Express and Civil War exploits, his marriage and children, and his renown as a buffalo hunter, scout, and guide for the Fifth United States Cavalry. It also discusses the Summit Springs, Colorado, battle in 1869 when Cody killed the Cheyenne, Tall Bull, his Medal of Honor, his buffalo hunt for Russia's Grand Duke Alexis, his 1872 stage play beginnings, and his celebrated combat with the Cheyenne, Yellow Hand (or Yellow Hair) at Hat Creek, Nebraska. Of course the video details Cody's Wild West show, which ran in 192 cities and twelve foreign countries from 1882 until 1916; Cody died in January 1917, two months after giving his last Wild West performance.

Perhaps the most outstanding feature of this video is the high quality of the authorities who, in brief segments, tell about Cody and his era. Historian Paul Hutton is engaging and educational, as are Paul Fees, curator of the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming; Bill Cody, Buffalo Bill's grandson, and Eric Sorg, who has a one-man Buffalo Bill stage show that is unforgettable. But the show-stealers are Winston Roche, who saw Buffalo Bill's Wild West as a lad in 1898 and Professor Ben Elliott, born in 1889, who saw the glory of the Wild West at the turn of the century.

Cody's extraordinary career is difficult to contain in one forty-five-minute program or indeed in one book, but the producers of this video make a valiant effort. The result will encourage viewers to find the printed works on Buffalo Bill and his times, and that is a great virtue all its own.

Narrator Kenny Rogers, dressed in a black gambler's suit with brocade vest, string tie, and six-gun and holding his hat in his hand, is a distraction in this otherwise splendid production.—*Dale Walker, El Paso, Texas.*

Texas Legend

Life Of Robert Hall, Indian Fighter and Veteran of Three Great Wars, by "Brazos." (State House Press, PO Box 15247, Austin, Texas 78761. $24.95 cloth bound, $14.95 paper bound, $60.00 limited edition.)

This is a new reprint of a wonderful little book published in 1898. The original edition is now virtually unobtainable. The book is an autobiography, ghost-written by someone who took the nom de plume "Brazos." Hall was an ex-flatboatman and bear hunter who joined the Army of the Republic of Texas just after the Battle of San Jacinto.

Although unknown today, Robert Hall was of the caliber of such compadres as Jack Hays and Big Foot Wallace. In 1842, he helped defeat

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General Adrian Woll (who recaptured San Antonio) in the Battle of Salado. He also soldiered with Ben McCulloch in the Mexican War. Naturally, he skirmished with Comanches, who wounded him at the Battle of Plum Creek. Although he strongly opposed secession, like Big Foot Wallace and Sam Houston, he joined the Confederate Army and fought against the Federal Red River expedition in Louisiana during the Civil War.

Hall's reminiscences are full of choice anecdotes, like that of the Comanches who invaded little Seguin and quacked like ducks, probably to signal each other, and succeeded only in giving themselves away because village residents knew that there was not a domestic duck in town.

Hall's recollections are full of opinions and insights, as well as anecdotes. He liked and respected the Tonkawas and Lipans, who were his cannibalistic allies against the Comanches. He considered Arredondo the only competent Mexican general who ever faced the Texans, and he thought Union General Nathaniel Banks (who led the Red River campaign) was worse than General William T. Sherman or any Comanche because of the brutal scorched earth policy of his Red River retreat.

This very interesting bit of colloquial writing, a cross between Davy Crockett and Mark Twain, is recommended reading.—*Richard H. Dillon, Mill Valley, California.*

Recording a Region

A Naturalist in Indian Territory: The Journals of S.W. Woodhouse, 1849-50, edited by John S. Tomer and Michael J. Brodhead. (University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Avenue, Norman, Oklahoma 73019-0445. $29.95 cloth bound.)

S.W. Woodhouse, a Philadelphia physician and avid ornithologist, was surgeon-naturalist for two expeditions sent to explore the Creek-Cherokee boundary in Indian Territory in 1849 and 1850. Fortunately for history, Woodhouse kept detailed diaries, which are published in this volume with extensive annotation by the editors, maps, appendices, illustrations, a thorough bibliography, and an index.

Although the diaries record his medical experiences, their real importance lies in their documentation of an environment. Woodhouse recorded species of fresh water mussels, beetles, reptiles, birds, and mammals then unknown to science. He documented previously unknown plants, such as a specimen of goldenrod found along the North Canadian River.

His journal entries, reprinted here with their eccentric punctuation and capitalization, balance scientific reports with the inevitable monotony of such expeditions. "I arose at 4 a.m.," reads one entry; "There was a heavy storm this morning, and the rain fell to a deapth [sic] of one inch and a half in the course of a few hours," reads another.

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Illustrations of species and plants do a great deal to enliven the text. Of particular interest are the reproductions of pages of Woodhouse's journal with sketches he made of such things as limestone outcroppings or a Cherokee home he visited. In other cases the editors have made present-day photographs of sites that Woodhouse described. Woodhouse's sketch of "Gypsum Hills near the Cross Timbers" is interestingly paired with a contemporary photograph of the same site.

This is a book for historians and scientists seeking specific information rather than for the general reader interested in the natural history of Indian Territory or Oklahoma. Journals are always a problem for editors and readers alike, and this is no exception. Most entries are unremarkable, made valuable only by the editors' extensive annotations. In fact, the annotations far outweigh the original journal entries.

Like Woodhouse himself, these journals have apparently been long overlooked, and the editors have done a great service to scholarship bringing them—and their discoveries—to light. They are to be commended for the exhaustive research underlying this volume.—*Judy Alter, Fort Worth, Texas.*

Western Mass Transit

That Old Overland Stagecoaching, by Eva Jolene Boyd. (Republic of Texas Press, 1506 Capital Avenue, Plano, Texas 75074. $12.95 paper bound.)

Although movies and fiction often depict it as glamorous and exciting, stagecoach travel in the American West was often boring, at times dangerous, and seldom convenient. Travelers sometimes had to walk beside the coach on tough inclines and rough roads; dust from the trip usually coated them; and they often complained that the rocking vehicle caused motion sickness.

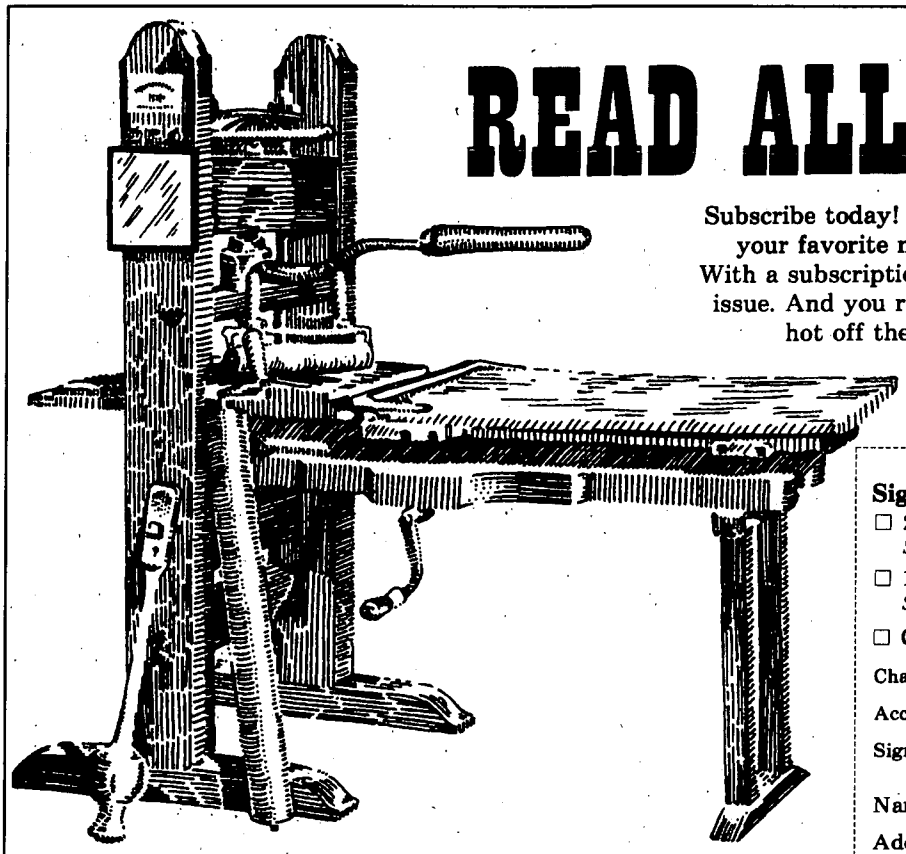
Using contemporary accounts from travelers and newspaper articles, Eva Jolene Boyd, a Texas freelance writer, attempts to capture the reality of Overland stagecoach travel. Her well-documented book includes maps and tables of different routes, diagrams of some stations, and photographs.

But *That Old Overland Stagecoaching* contains little new material and, at only 200 pages, barely scratches the surface of the western transportation system. Boyd relies too much on previously published histories, even Mark Twain's well-read accounts from *Roughing It.* She concentrates mostly on Texas and probably would have been better off writing exclusively on stagecoach travel in that state.

That Old Overland Stagecoaching is a nicely written account for the casual reader, but holds little interest for the historian and western history buff.—*Johnny D. Boggs, Dallas, Texas.*

Indians at War

Tribal Wars of the Southern Plains, by Stan Hoig. (University of Oklahoma



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Press, 1005 Asp Avenue, Norman, Oklahoma 73019-0445. $22.95 cloth bound.)

Tribal Wars of the Southern Plains is a comprehensive account of over sixty Indian battles between the late fifteenth century and 1878 on the Southern Plains. Though Stan Hoig's normally crisp, fast-moving writing style is missing from this book, he gives tremendous insight to the causes and effects of those battles. Using tidbits of information, Hoig artfully intermingles the history, culture, intertribal, and interracial relationships of the various Southern Plains Tribes to give an overall picture of Indian warfare.

Beginning with intertribal wars that predate the coming of the Spanish, Hoig tells an exciting and accurate story of ancient warfare without horses. Then he shows how defense of the homeland and the arrival of the Spanish, the French, and the horse affected Indians and their warfare. Throughout the book Hoig manages to show how each new element, such as firearms, white settlers and their religion, and the slow disappearance of the buffalo, affected not only the Indians' warfare, but their entire culture as well.

Although battles of the larger Indian tribes predominate the book, Hoig describes many battles between smaller and lesser-known tribes such as the Tonkawas, Caddos, Towayahs, Skidi Pawnees, Kaws, Wacos, and Pottawatomies.

Hoig also describes Indian battles with Spanish, French, and Mexicans, as well as with Texas Rangers, white settlers, and the United States Army. The book also includes an interesting chapter on Indian warfare during the Civil War, a subject that many Indian historians often neglect.

The last quarter of the book deals exclusively with Indian treaties and battles with the United States Army. This section, though excellently done, is disappointing. Hoig has included so many treaties and battles that he is unable to do justice to them all. He does, however, detail enough major treaties and battles to give the reader a truly exciting and informative view of this turbulent and dynamic era in the lives of the Plains Indians.

Tribal Wars of the Southern Plains is an informative, tightly written book **which both student and general readers of Indian history can use and enjoy.**—***Angie Irons, Ponca City, Oklahoma.***

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Jim Taylor and Friends vs. Sutton Posse
December 27, 1875; Clinton, Texas

By BILL O'NEAL

Jim Taylor was a young member of the large DeWitt County family which became embroiled with the Sutton clan in Texas' longest and most violent feud. The Sutton-Taylor Feud had been raging since the late 1860s when, in the summer of 1872, Sutton partisans ringing a cowbell lured Jim's father, Pitkin Taylor, outside his house. The Sutton men gunned down Pitkin in his cornfield; he could not shake off the effects of his wounds and died six months later.

Author's Photo

Notorious Texas gunfighter John Wesley Hardin was related by marriage to the Taylors. In 1873 he and Jim Taylor shot Sutton leader Jack Helm to death.

At the funeral Jim, his brother Bill, and several other relatives vowed revenge. "I will wash my hands in old Bill Sutton's blood," Jim muttered bitterly to his mother.

William E. Sutton was a Confederate veteran and a DeWitt County deputy sheriff who, alongside Sheriff (and captain of the state police) Jack Helm, led 200 "Regulators" in terrorizing the Taylor faction. But on April 1, 1873, Jim Taylor and several friends attacked Sutton in a Cuero saloon. Although severely wounded, Sutton survived and escaped another ambush in June. Shortly thereafter Jim and several friends bushwhacked and killed two Sutton riders.

In July, Jim and the notorious John Wesley Hardin, who was related to the Taylors by marriage, were in a blacksmith shop in Albuquerque, Texas, when they spotted Jack Helm walking down the street with six companions. Helm approached the shop, and Hardin suddenly leveled a shotgun and blasted him in the chest. Jim then emptied his revolver into the fallen man's head.

Jim pulled off an even bigger coup when Hardin tipped him that Bill Sutton and his family were scheduled to sail aboard a steamer from Indianola to New Orleans on March 11, 1874. On that day Jim and his brother Bill galloped up to the dock, dismounted, and charged onto the steamboat. Standing on the deck were Sutton, his wife and child, and their friend, Gabriel Slaughter. Jim killed Sutton with bullets to the head and heart as his horrified wife looked on. Bill Taylor shot Gabe Slaughter dead with a slug to the brain. Then the two brothers fled the scene.

Texas Rangers were sent in to try to halt the violence, and Rube Brown, city marshal of Cuero, succeeded Helm and Sutton as leader of the

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Regulators. On November 17, 1875, however, five members of the Taylor faction assassinated Brown in a Cuero saloon.

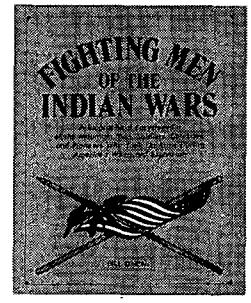
A few weeks later, on Monday, December 27, Jim Taylor and several friends rode into Clinton and put their horses up at Martin King's stable. The sheriff nervously sent a rider to nearby Cuero for help, and soon a large posse under Deputy Sheriff Dick Hudson thundered into town.

Sighting the opposition force, Jim Taylor, Mace Arnold, and a man named Hendricks headed for the stable, but King somehow made it impossible for them to reach their mounts. They barged through King's house and tried to reach a log building that had been the first DeWitt County courthouse.

In July, Jim Taylor and the notorious John Wesley Hardin were in a blacksmith shop in Albuquerque, Texas, when they spotted Jack Helm walking down the street with six companions. Helm approached the shop, and Hardin suddenly leveled a shotgun and blasted him in the chest.

As Jim rounded the corner of the house, Sutton man Kit Hunter, with gun leveled, blocked his way. Jim knelt and shot his hat off, but Hunter wounded Jim in the arm. Jim tried to run, but heavy fire from the posse dropped him and his two companions, and all three men died on the spot.

The three bullet-riddled bodies were laid out in the courthouse before being released to relatives for burial; Jim was interred in the Taylor family cemetery. Dick Hudson's posse members were charged with murder at the next court term, but having acted under the sheriff's orders they were acquitted. With the death of their twenty-three-year-old leader, the Taylor faction backed away from the eight-year-old blood feud.



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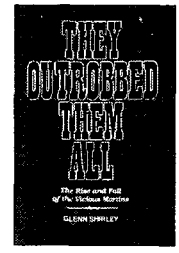

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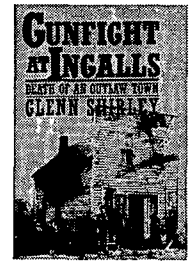

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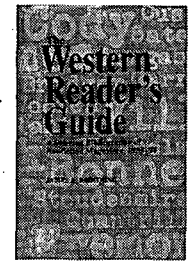

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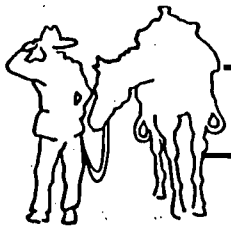


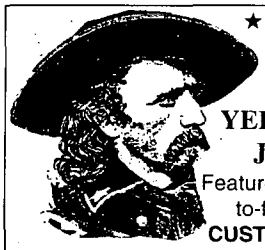
Trails Grown Dim

Jeffcoach-Foshee

I am seeking information on my grandparents, Bimery Jeffcoach, born in 1878 in Galveston, Texas, and Ella Mason, a full-blood Cherokee, born September 20, 1882, in Mississippi. Bimery worked as a cattle ranch foreman in Galveston.

Lloyd Jeffcoach, my father, was the third child of Bimery and Ella. He was born September 13, 1900. A brother, Floyd, was born a short time later. The family possibly lived in Coalgate, Oklahoma, for a short time in 1907.

I do not know what happened to Bimery. Ella later married James West Foshee. Their children were Dorsey, a Congressional Medal of Honor winner; Jimmy; Myrtle, born in 1915; and Truman, born in 1925. I would appreciate any information.—**Judee Baker, 1708 Mimosa Lane, Newcastle, Oklahoma 73065-5757.**



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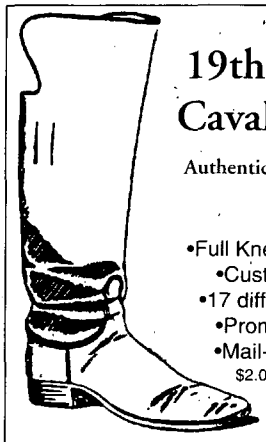

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Walker

I am looking for information on my great-grandfather, John Burch Walker, born in 1822 in North Carolina. He was the son of George W. Walker, a physician of Virginia and later Kentucky.

John married Mary Ann Baxter in Kentucky about 1845. They had six children, Samuel B. and George W., born in Kentucky; William Winston, born in Illinois; and Margaret, Benjamin F., and John H., born in Carroll County, Missouri. John Burch was a foreman on a ranch in Carroll County from 1851 to 1859. The 1860 census shows them in Victoria, Texas.

I would appreciate any information, especially the name of John Burch's mother and the names of Mary Ann's parents.—**Ed L. Walker, 13705 Vista Oaks Drive, Leander, Texas 78641.**

Robinson

I am seeking information about my husband's great-great-grandparents, Dr. F. Robinson, born in 1800 in North Carolina, and his wife, Nancy H., born in 1802 or 1803 in Georgia. Census findings state they were in Washington County, Alabama, in 1830; Lauderdale County, Mississippi, in 1840 and 1850, and Bowie County, Texas, in 1860. That is the last census listing I found.

They had eight children: Elizabeth, born in 1829 or 1830 in Alabama (she married my husband's great-grandfather, Atlas Clark); Pricilla, born in 1832 in Mississippi; John, born in 1837 in Mississippi; Charley (who was deaf), born in 1838 or 1839 in Mississippi; Harriet, born in 1841 in Mississippi; Nancy, born in 1844 in Mississippi; Jonathan (John), born in 1848 in Mississippi; and Martin H., born in 1851 in Mississippi.

Dr. Robinson enlisted in the Confederate army at Decatur, Wise County, Texas in 1862 for one year. In 1863 he reenlisted in Dalton, Georgia, for the duration of the war. I would appreciate any information.—**Eola Clark, 1655 Winchester Boulelvard, Apartment 314, Campbell, California 95008.**

Lotspiech

I am searching for descendants of my great-grandfather, William Felix Lotspiech. His father was Thomas and his mother was Lizzie Strange. William was born in Missouri around 1873 and had at least one brother. He lived in Chelan, Moore, Lakeside, and Wenatchee, Washington, between 1900 and 1906; then disappeared; we have found no record of him after that. He may have later gone under the nickname of "King Cole."

William married Mary (Mamie) Moore in 1903, and they had two children, Hawrood and Dorothy. After writing to say that he had found a job (perhaps driving a wheat wagon) and to tell his family to join him (perhaps in Waterville, Washington), he was never heard from again. I believe he may have descendants from either a prior or later marriage, and I would like to locate them or descendants of his brother. I would appreciate any information.—**Annette Byrd, PO Box 2071, Wenatchee, Washington 98807.**

Burns

I am seeking information about my great-great-grandfather, Edward Clarence Burns (or Clarence Edward Burns). He was born in Dublin, Ireland, about 1800. I do not know when he came to the United States. He married Jerusha Louzora Lemon, who had previously been married to William Henry Lemon and had two children, William Henry and Eliza, born in Arkansas.

Clarence and Jerusha married in the 1830s in Arkansas or Louisiana. They had two children, Mary Jane, born about 1839, and John, born about 1842 in Louisiana. Clarence died in a river on his way to Texas about 1842. I would appreciate any

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information on Clarence Burns and also his son John. John supposedly married in the late 1860s or early 1870s in Missouri and had a son. He later left his wife in Missouri and went to Texas. He may have taken his son with him.—**Linda Burns Presley, PO Box 577, Fulshear, Texas 77441.**

Killian

I am seeking information about my great-great-grandfather, Jacob Killian, and his wife Polly (Mary). They had four known children, Cyrus (my great-grandfather), born in 1810 in North Carolina; Phoebe, who married a Brandon; Sue, who married a Sheppard; and Andrew J., born in 1825 in Tennessee.

The 1820 and 1830 censuses list Jacob living near Winchester, Franklin County, Tennessee. Jacob moved to Arkansas in 1831 or 1832, and Cyrus and Jane Ivy Killian followed in 1833.

The 1840 census of Carroll County, Arkansas, lists Jacob and Cyrus as living next door to each other. That is the last record I have found for Jacob.—**Eola Clark, 1655 Winchester Boulevard, Apartment 314, Campbell, California 95008.**

Webber

William Wilson Webber, my maternal grandfather, was born September 22, 1866, in Honesdale, Pennsylvania, to George and Ellen Goslin Webber. In 1894 he taught school in Oxford, Idaho. In 1897 he married Elizabeth Rowland. Later they divorced. He taught school in the Lovell, Wyoming, area about 1924 and was last known to teach in the Texas area, although no specific address is known. I would appreciate any additional information.—**Burma Skinner, 8961 Alpen Way, Sandy, Utah 84093.**

Howell

I am researching the Howell family and would like information on an Oscar Howell, mentioned in the article "Gunfight at the Silver Bell Saloon" in the May 1993 *True West.* The article said Howell was born in Pennsylvania about 1870, the son of a Civil War hero. I would like to learn his parents' names and important dates in their lives. I would appreciate any help.—**Sharon Howell, 2925 SW 82nd, Oklahoma City, OK 73159.**

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Humboldt Bay & the Grizzly Bears

By BEN T. TRAYWICK

Miners in the Trinity River country of California had great difficulty obtaining supplies. Everything except the wild game they killed locally had to be packed in over rugged mountain trails from the Sacramento Valley.

Probably the most dissatisfied and restless of all the miners were those of Rich Bar, located on the upper Trinity. Indians had told them that a large, beautiful Pacific Ocean bay was eight days to the west. That bay, if it really existed, could easily solve their supply problem.

Eight determined men left Rich Bar on November 5, 1849, to explore the country to the west and hopefully find the bay. Dr. Josiah Gregg, known as "Santa Fe Gregg," led the group. The other men were Thomas Sebring, of Illinois; L.K. Wood, of Kentucky; Issack Wilson, from Missouri; J.B. Truesdell, of Oregon; Charles Southard, from Massachusetts; David Buck, of New York; and Van Duzen, origin unknown.

For six days the men slogged through mud, rain, and snow as they crossed range after range of mountains. By November 13 they were in the northern coast forests, and their flour, beans, pork, and other supplies were exhausted.

Hunger pangs gnawed their bellies as the men emerged from the forest into a grassy opening and saw several elk grazing some distance away. Quickly the men separated and moved to surround them. Fifteen minutes later Wood heard three quick rifle shots. Van Duzen had gone in that direction so Wood ran to assist him. He quickly came upon Van Duzen frantically trying to reload his rifle. Beyond him were five grizzly bears. Two of them were dead; another, its back broken, pawed the ground in a death struggle. Two others were charging down upon Van Duzen at an alarming rate of speed.

Wood threw a hasty shot, knocking one of the grizzlies flat. Wilson, whom the shooting also attracted, arrived in time to send a bullet through the heart of the last bear. The hungry men had an impressive feast of bear meat.

The great redwood forests slowed the men to a pace of two miles per day in their continued trip west. The task of traveling through barriers of fallen timber and dense undergrowth was immense. The men could cross some of the huge logs only by chopping steps up one side and down the other.

At the sound of the gunfire, five of the grizzlies went into the ravine; two were apparently dead on the ground, but the remaining beast stood erect and glared at the men.

On December 20, 1849, the miners reached a large bay and believed it was the one Indians had described. The jubilant men named it Trinity Bay. Traveling south toward San Francisco they decided to split up, one group to follow the stream now called the Eel River and the other to go south along the coast.

Gregg, Southard, Van Duzen, and Truesdell took the latter route. Deep ravines and rocky ridges soon barred their way in that direction, and they changed course to get to the Sacramento Valley. Their journey was terrible—they had no food or ammunition. Gregg finally toppled from his horse and died without a word; he had starved to death. The three others buried him in a shallow grave and continued their journey. After a long, hungry trek they reached safety in the Sacramento Valley.

The other group, under Wood's leadership, moved up the south bank of the Eel. The first day a snowstorm forced them to "hole up." They were almost dead from hunger and exposure when the storm ended five days later.

Subsisting on acorns and grass they moved upriver. One day at the foot of the ravine they found eight grizzly bears. Wood and Wilson, the strongest of the miners, decided to try to kill them. They planned for Wood to move in close, shoot the nearest bear, then run for the closest tree. Wilson would then shoot a bear and also make for a tree.

Wood shot the first bear at a range of fifty yards. The grizzly fell, tearing and biting the earth, as though in the throes of death. Presently it fell still. Wilson killed the second bear with a well-placed shot. At the sound of the gunfire, five of the grizzlies went into the ravine; two were apparently dead on the ground, but the remaining beast stood erect and glared at the men.

Wilson dropped his gun and ran for a tree. Wood was frantically trying to get a ball down his rifle barrel when the bear charged. Wood clambered into a small buckeye tree. Once in its branches he again tried to load his rifle, but the bear reached the tree and Wood had to use his rifle as a club to ward it off. To his amazement and horror, the first bear, which he thought he had killed, rose and joined the attack.

The second bear overwhelmed him. Its first leap broke the small tree. Wood fell to the ground and both bears attacked him. Tearing himself free, he ran for a small tree about thirty yards away. The bear's claws grabbed at him at nearly every stride. Wood knew the first bear was too close to allow him to stop and climb the tree, so he seized the tree trunk with one had and propelled himself in a circle. The bear was running so fast it bypassed him by twenty yards.

As Wood climbed the tree, however, the second bear sank sharp claws into his ankle and yanked him down.

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The other bear returned and took a swipe at his face as he struck the ground; it missed his head but caught his shoulder. The two bears proceeded to tear him to pieces, their ripping claws and teeth inflicting terrible wounds, dislocating his hip, and breaking his right leg.

The bears soon tired of the game and one of them disappeared into the ravine. The wounded bear moved about one hundred yards away and sat down, watching Wood. Racked with pain, Wood groaned and moved a little. At that sign of life the bear attacked again, roaring hideously. Its head against his chest, the bear growled fiercely, baring its terrible fangs and claws. Wood realized that his only chance was to appear dead. With a tremendous effort he did so; the bear inspected him, then moved away.

WOOD'S RIGHT LEG was so badly mangled that the jagged bone tip showed through his flesh. He dragged himself to the little tree and managed to painfully pull himself into it. Wilson left his tree to assist Wood, but the bear, roaring angrily, charged him. He got back into his own tree just inches ahead of the bear's clutching claws.

The beast then sat down halfway between the two trees. Whenever either man moved, it rushed to the tree. Eventually it grew tired and disappeared for good.

Wood's wounds were so terrible that he begged the other miners to put him out of his misery with a bullet. They refused.

They had to move him as they could not stay put very long. Afraid the pain would kill him, Wood told them that if he gave out they were to dispose of him as they saw fit; if he died they were to leave him where he fell without stopping to bury him.

Wood's friends lifted him onto a horse and tied him there. They moved out, traveling slowly. They followed the coast until they reached the home of Mrs. Mark West, eight miles north of Santa Rosa. Wood remained there until he recovered.

Ironically, on April 14, 1850, the ship *Laura Virginia* sailed into the bay that Dr. Gregg and miners had named Trinity Bay. Ignorant of their visit to the bay and its naming, the men aboard ship gave it the name it has carried ever since—Humboldt Bay.

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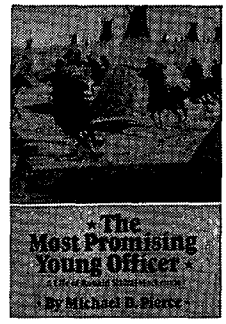

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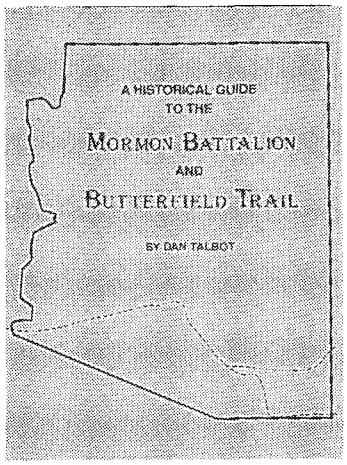

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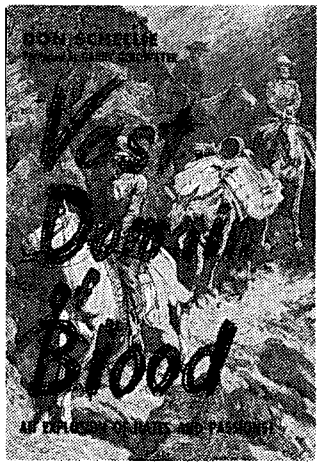

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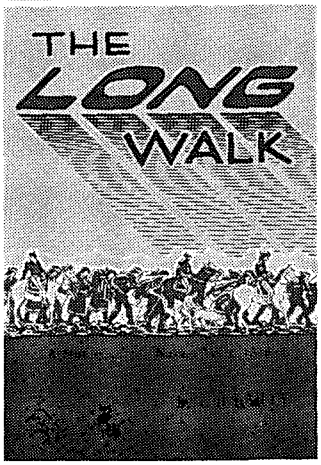

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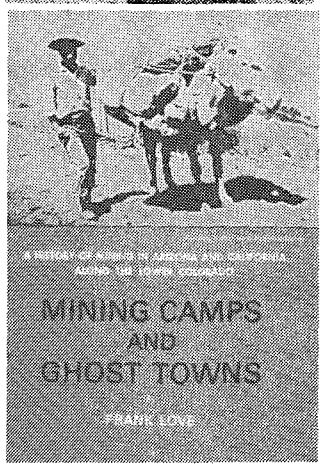

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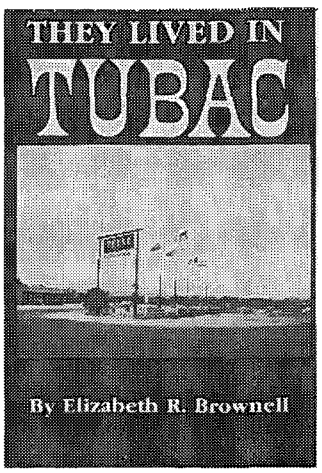

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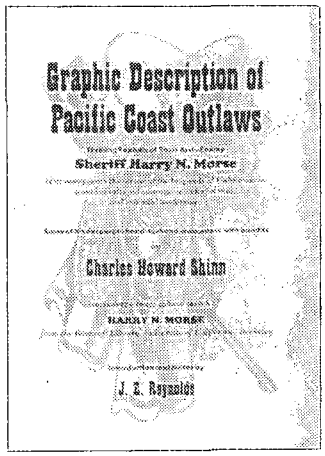

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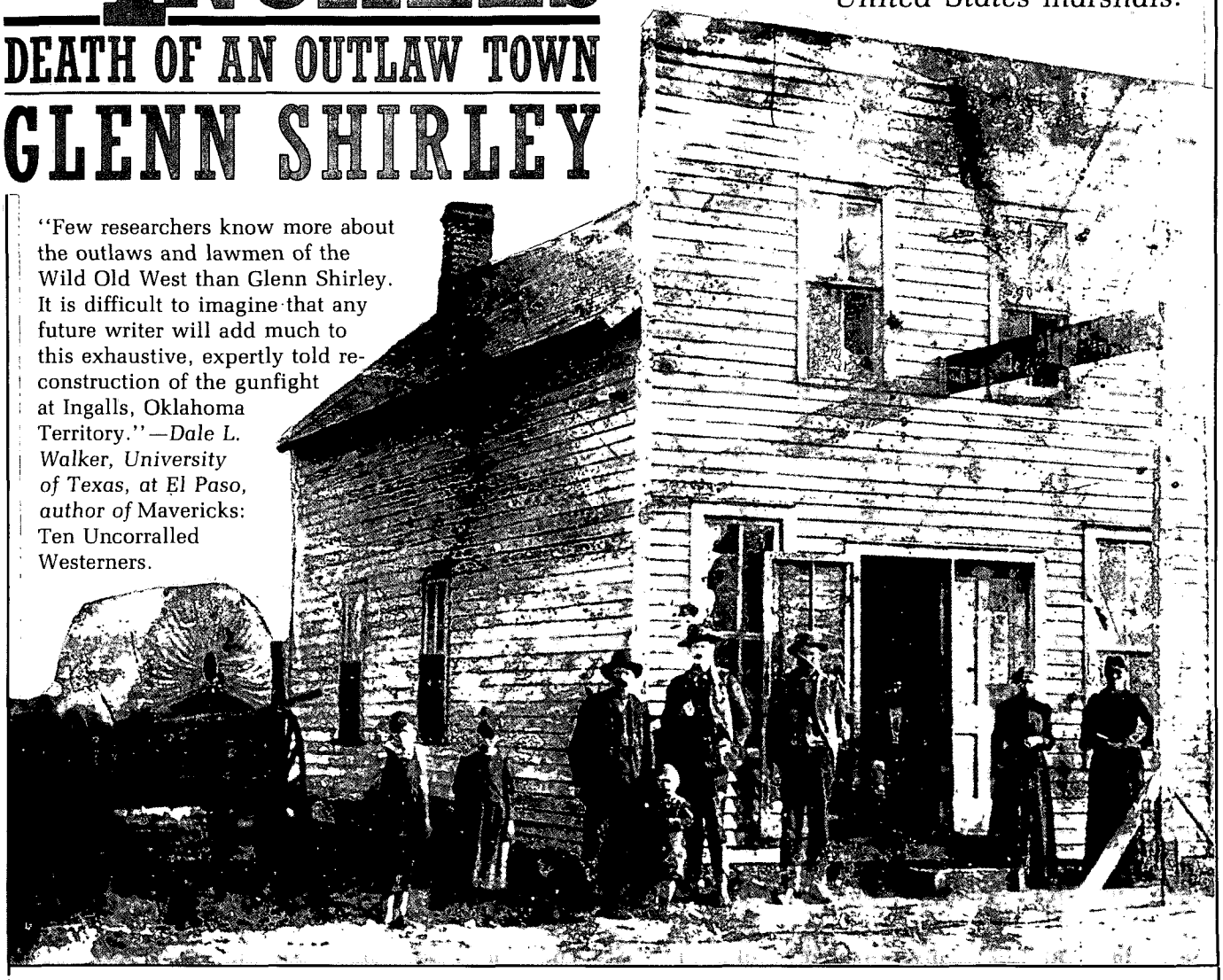

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